The Affairs of Richard Allen • The PLO in Shambles

Jonathan Kwitny *David Pryce-Jones*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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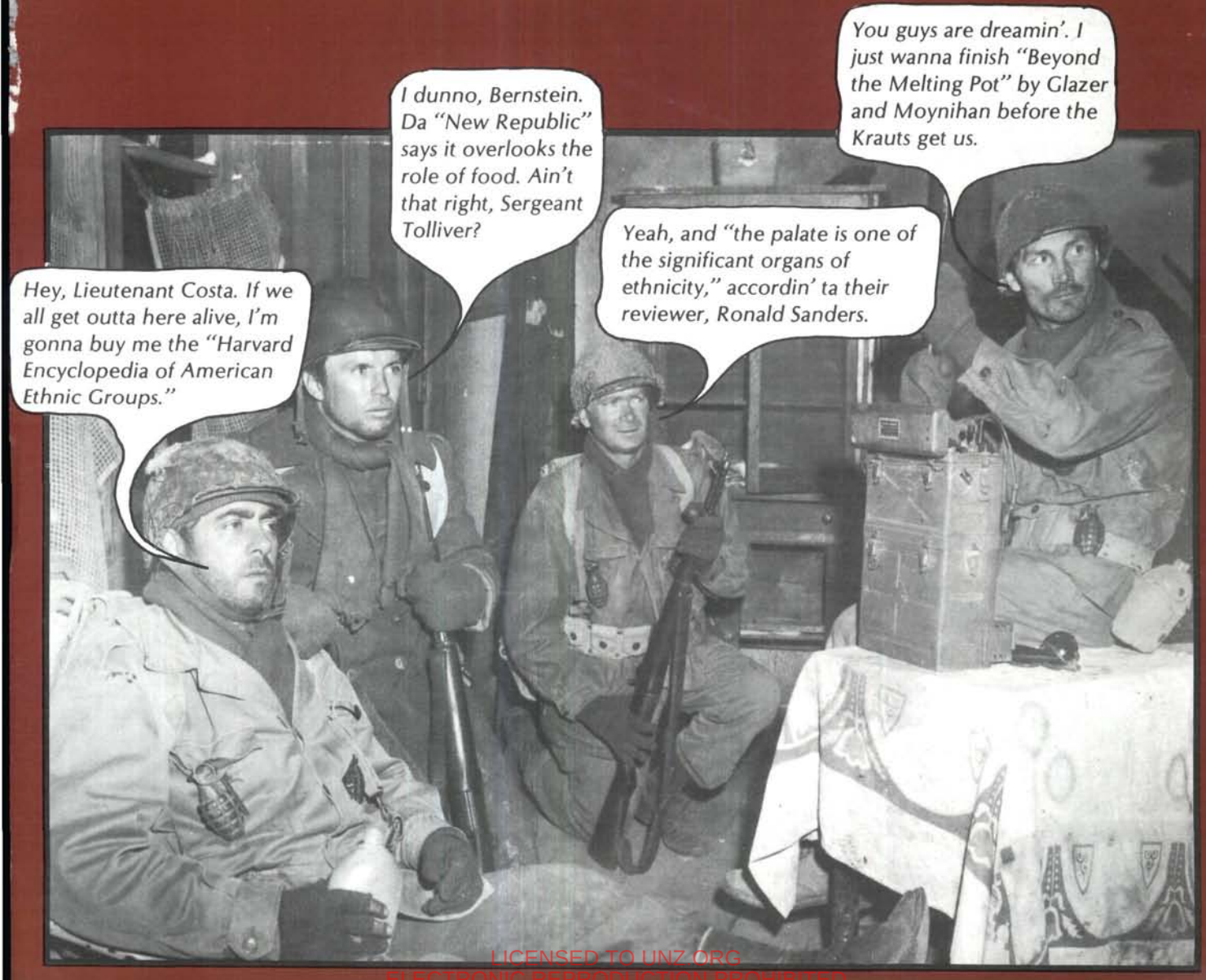
Theodore Draper on Party Life • Ann Hulbert on the Humanities Hustle


You guys are dreamin'. I just wanna finish "Beyond the Melting Pot" by Glazer and Moynihan before the Krauts get us.
I dunno, Bernstein. Da "New Republic" says it overlooks the role of food. Ain't that right, Sergeant Tolliver?
Yeah, and "the palate is one of the significant organs of ethnicity," accordin' ta their reviewer, Ronald Sanders.
Hey, Lieutenant Costa. If we all get outta here alive, I'm gonna buy me the "Harvard Encyclopedia of American Ethnic Groups."

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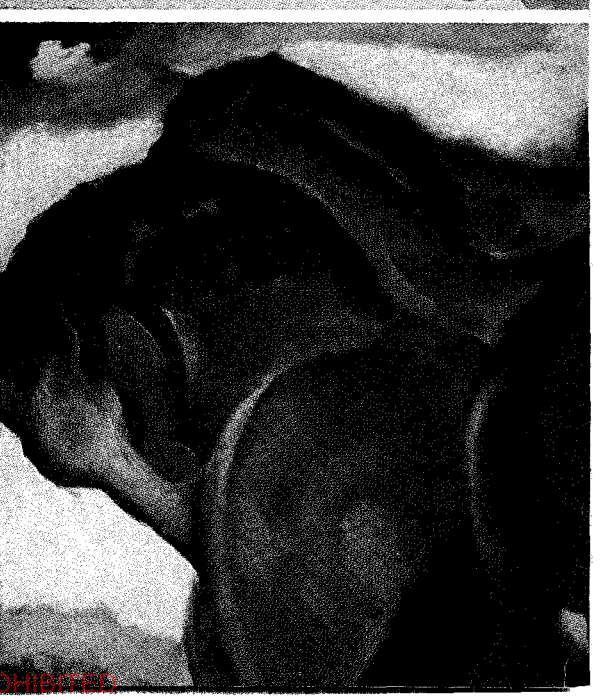

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rvived.

These are some works painted in Germany when the world of the artists, and the world itself, was coming apart. And yet they are, more often than not, joyous and exuberant affirmations of life. They are part of a fascinating exhibition gathered from the private collections and great museums of Europe and the United States entitled "Expressionism—A German Intuition, 1905-1920." It opens at The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum on November 14th.

Working in Germany, the Expressionists took inspiration from the French Gauguin and the Dutch van Gogh and the Norwegian Edvard Munch. They fashioned a universal language that would speak to us all —a language of sinuous lines and upward-striving angles, of brilliant colors and powerful emotions. They wanted us to know not merely what they saw but how they felt. They succeeded brilliantly and, though banned by Hitler, their works still speak eloquently of the strivings of the human spirit to be free.

We are proud to join the Federal Republic of Germany and the National Endowment for the Arts in sponsoring this exhibition—and we invite you to see it at the times and places listed below. In our business as in yours, we need to be reminded that the language of human feeling is far older and far more valuable than the language of computers. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of this is not patronage. It's a business and human necessity.

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"Expressionism—a German Intuition, 1905-1920" appears at The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, November 14, 1980 to January 18, 1981; San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, San Francisco, February 18 to April 26, 1981. This exhibition is sponsored by the Federal Republic of Germany, Philip Morris Incorporated, and the National Endowment for the Arts. An indemnity for the exhibition has been provided by the Federal Council on the Arts and Humanities. Additional support has been contributed by Lufthansa German Airlines.

(top left) Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, STREET WITH RED COCOTTE, 1914. Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection, Lugano. (bottom left) Vasily Kandinsky, SMALL PLEASURES, 1913. The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York. (top center) Paula Modersohn-Becker, SELF PORTRAIT WITH CAMELIA BRANCH, ca. 1906-7. Museum Folkwang, Essen. (top right) Emil Nolde, DANCE AROUND THE GOLDEN CALF, 1910. Staatsgalerie moderner Kunst, Munich. (bottom right) Franz Marc, THE SMALL BLUE HORSES 1911. Staatsgalerie Stuttgart.

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TRB

from Washington
December 6, 1980

Fixing the Presidency

Just in the nick of time a learned society has issued a study on how to be president. The formal title is *A Presidency for the 1980s*. It was prepared here by a distinguished panel of the non-profit National Academy of Public Administration ($5 paperback). It might just as well be entitled, for Ronald Reagan's benefit, *Things I Ought to Know About the Presidency That My Mother Never Told Me.* The tone is bold, firm, authoritative, persuasive, and urgent. It is the most important thing of its kind since the Louis Brownlow committee's report on the executive office 40 years ago. The fact is, a lot of people have seen the problems mounting around the president and wondered if America had the capacity to govern itself. Back in Roosevelt's day the Brownlow report put it succinctly: "The President needs help." He needs it more today.

"The cumulative effect of many trends and events," the panel says, "is threatening America's capacity for self-government. A clear danger is bearing down on us. At the same time that the problems we face are becoming more complex and interwoven, the power to deal with them is becoming increasingly diffused."

What are these problems? Here are some of them: the progressive weakening of the political parties; the intolerable length of the nominating and campaign procedures that often have nothing to do with the realities of governing; the fragmentation of the congressional leadership, coupled with the new aggressiveness of individual members of Congress; the growing power of the media and pollsters and the process of trivialization of the protracted election; the mounting costs and delays in the delivery of public services as the complexities of federalism increase; the growing involvement of the courts as a second legislative body in program administration, as Congress ducks some of the hot issues, like school desegregation; a radical increase in the number, professionalism, and potency of special interest groups.

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Some of those problems are listed in the 14-month study and I have introduced one or two of my own. The result? For one thing, a rather frightening decline in the number of people who show confidence enough in democracy to bother to vote—as the report puts it, "A declining faith of Americans in the fairness, integrity, and competence of their social institutions, particularly the institutions of government."

Co-chairmen of the 26-member panel are Don Price, Harvard professor emeritus, and Rocco Siciliano, former government official and now head of TICOR, a Los Angeles-based financial services company. The report deals with only one of America's multiplying problems of government, but it is one that touches many other fields: a program to reform and restructure the office of the president. It has the endorsement of former president Ford and President Carter, and when president-elect Reagan returns here December 8 he will see it too. In the meantime Ed Meese, one of the closest and oldest Reagan associates, a stout, genial, take-charge man who will be White House counselor and probably one of the most powerful Reagan figures in Washington, has had a four-hour briefing with particular emphasis on managing the White House.

The fact is, there are real questions these days, with accelerating and intensifying foreign and domestic problems, whether the fragmented system of divided government invented by the founding fathers hasn't reached the limit of tolerance. Constitutional streamlining is proposed every day but, as the new panel says, "We may well have to be on the brink of a breakdown in government for such [constitutional] change to be possible." It contents itself with a single matter that doesn't need an amendment: how to strengthen the president's capacity for leadership through a smaller, tighter executive organization and by a closer relationship to Congress. Poor Jimmy Carter! He never learned how to butter up Congress. His difficulty always was in communicating. So the country elects an affable Hollywood actor whose whole art is communicating. Ronald Reagan came to Washington and charmed the city. How he will boost defense, cut taxes, end inflation, and balance the budget all at once nobody knows. As a matter of fact, he can't do it. But that doesn't mean that his good-guy optimism hasn't had effect in a city of symbols. He achieved warmth here with key members of Congress whose tolerance is crucial. Carter never achieved it, and didn't try to achieve it for a while. It will give Reagan a free ride for about six months, I expect.

The Price-Siciliano report proposes restructuring the office of the president and gives blueprints for doing so, but the details provided are less interesting than some practical hints on government. "Unfortunately, most new administrations," Ronald Reagan is told without mentioning his name, "raise false expectations by announcing that the new president, unlike his predecessors, is going to govern through the Cabinet." It won't work. "A collection of department heads with diverse concerns is not an instrument for collective decision-making." Reagan has already made that mistake, but never mind.

What about Congress? The study urges a new president to do just what Reagan has instinctively done: seek it out. Congressional fragmentation makes governing more "chaotic and unreliable," but a president is advised "to search out and consult with potential allies . . . [with] special attention to the views of the elected leadership and to ranking members of . . . major committees."

The panel asks rather chillingly whether we can make our fragmented 200-year-old system work. It would like a federal commission to examine the subject. The key necessity is to share power, it says, before confrontations paralyze us. In his gloomy book, *The Twilight of the Presidency* (1970), George Reedy thought breakdown was near, that sycophancy would corrupt the presidency—look at Richard Nixon! The new study is alarmingly neutral on the subject. There are no purple passages. We must "reduce the over-emphasis on the constitutional separation of powers," it says. It admonishes not only Congress and the president's staff but also interest groups and the media. On the whole, it concludes, "what unites us is greater than what divides us."

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Correspondence

Rich-candidate loophole

To the editors:

Your otherwise good editorial on the campaign finance law ("A First Step," *TNR*, November 22) has one major error.

It wasn't the rich-candidate "loophole" that "practically assured the re-election of West Virginia governor Jay Rockefeller." It was the larger "loophole" that the federal law does not cover gubernatorial campaigns at all.

Carrie Johnson
Arlington, Virginia

Bloomingdale's China

To the editors:

On a recent shopping foray, I took note, as has your Commuter's Diarist (*TNR*, November 22), of Bloomingdale's new theme, "China: Heralding the Dawn of a New Era." Seeing a theme tag on an infant jacket, I looked inside to check the quality of craftsmanship in the People's Republic. I had to smile when I read the label, "Made in Hong Kong."

William Minning
Bethesda, Maryland

Try some voodoo economics

To the editors:

In "Which Reagan?" (*TNR*, November 22) TRB opines that Ronald Reagan would be well advised to listen to such economic heavies as Arthur Burns and other orthodox economists at the expense of the populist and presumably off-the-beam "supply-siders." The readers are once again reminded that George Bush, while still a presidential candidate, called the Kemp-Roth proposal an example of "voodoo" economics.

Let us suppose Kemp-Roth, the Laffer curve, and the rest of supply-side economics all prove to be ineffectual or counterproductive. Have the respectable followers of Keynesian orthodoxy been tinkering with the economy so successfully over the last 15 years? The economic gurus and their disciples are arrogant in spite of their failures. The notion that this new administration should get the same economic advisers as past administrations reminds me of Samuel Johnson who, upon hearing that a previously unhappily married man remarried, observed, "It was the triumph of hope over experience."

Reagan would be wise to adopt bold new policies early on. If they fail, we shall be rid of supply-side economists. There is no more grueling test for ideas than their implementation. If they succeed, the country will be better off. If they are not tried, we will never know. Reagan would then likely follow traditional Republican economics and be labeled a captive of *Fortune*'s 500. His supply-side economics and across-the-board tax cuts would then go underground and could eventually reemerge, after some cosmetic surgery, as the bright new Democratic ideas for the 1980s.

Scott Shore
Columbia Graduate School of Business
New York, New York

Best Foot forward

To the editors:

Christopher Hitchens's article on the Labour party's new leader, Michael Foot ("The Pussycat," *TNR*, November 22) correctly dismissed the coverage of his election by the American press, but for the wrong reasons. It is true, as Hitchens states, that Foot's election was an act of conciliation by Labour, rather than an act of extremism, as was initially reported. Foot's unifying stature is comparable to that of, say, Tip O'Neill in the Democratic party in this country. Yet Hitchens's attempt to portray Foot as a "conservative, ex-firebrand" mouthing "pacifist pieties" grossly distorts the record of one of Britain's most consistent and forceful thinkers on the democratic left.

Michael Foot's opposition to the EEC is not based on a "simple-minded" desire to preserve "merrie England." Rather, Foot's concern is to preserve his party's ability to carry out its economic policies free of EEC constraints. His opposition to the Trident and cruise missile systems (shared by half his countrymen, as shown in recent polls) is not "mush," but rather an attempt to exercise sovereign rights within the NATO structure. Foot's refusal to serve in the Cabinet of the first Wilson government because of its support for the Vietnam War is ample evidence that he does not capitulate "when given an atom of responsibility."

Hitchens's cheap cynicism on the subject of Foot's election belies his condemnation of neoconservative Britain ("bleak, mean, and unattractive"). I, for one, find his election bright, warm, and quite attractive. Foot combines oratorical skill with intellectual depth (as Martin Peretz pointed out in the Commuter's Diarist in the same issue), a combination few world leaders exhibit. I hope the Democratic party will use its time in opposition half as productively as Labour has.

Joseph Courtney
West Hartford, Connecticut

More Democratic legislators

To the editors:

According to the record of congressional midterm elections it is statistically certain that more Democratic legislators will be elected in 1982 than the number elected in the Reagan nationwide sweep. There is greater certainty of this prospect than your editorial indicates: "Democrats suffered a terrible shock on November 4, but there is still hope for a recovery, possibly beginning with the 1982 elections" ("The Democrats' Task," *TNR*, November 22). Every Republican presidential victory since 1904 has been followed by Democratic midterm gains.

After Theodore Roosevelt's victory in 1904, Republicans lost 28 seats in midterm 1906. They lost 57 seats in 1910 following the election of Taft in 1908. They lost 75 seats in the depression of 1922 following the election of Harding in 1920. They lost 10 seats in 1926 following the election of Coolidge in 1924. They lost 49 seats in 1930 following the election of Hoover in 1928. They lost 18 seats in 1954 following the first election of Eisenhower in 1952, and 48 seats after his second election in 1956. They lost 12 seats after Nixon's first election in 1968 and 48 seats after his reelection in 1972.

The Democratic experience shows the same feature, congressional midterm losses following Democratic presidential victories. Democrats lost midterm ground following the election of Wilson in 1912 and 1916, Roosevelt's election in 1936, 1940, and 1944, Truman's election in 1948, Kennedy's election in 1960, Johnson's election in 1964, and Carter's election in 1976. While the

(continued on page 39)

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Contents

TRB from Washington	4	Fixing the Presidency
	5	Correspondence
Comment	7	So Far, So Good—So Far
John Osborne	8	White House Watch: Winding Down
Stephen Chapman	11	Strom's Law
Ronald Steel	12	Will Europe Behave?
Eugene McCarthy	14	Judging the Cabinet
David Pryce-Jones	16	Obeisance to a Shadow
Sharif Arani	19	The Theocracy Unravels
Jonathan Kwitny	21	The Rehabilitation of Richard Allen
		Books and the Arts
Stanley Kauffmann	26	Films: Look Back at Anger
Robert Brustein	27	Theater: A Passion for the Familiar
Irving Feldman	28	Poem: "The Drowned Man"
Ronald Sanders	29	*Harvard Encyclopedia of American Ethnic Groups* edited by Stephan Thernstrom
Paul Fussell	33	*The Oxford Book of Satirical Verse* edited by Geoffrey Grigson
Theodore Draper	35	*A Life in Two Centuries* by Bertram D. Wolfe
Ann Hulbert	37	*The Humanities in American Life* Report of the Commission on the Humanities
Washington Diarist	42	Salt

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

December 6, 1980

So Far, So Good—So Far

Since 1960, we've been getting ourselves a new president on the average of once very four years, and we invest each new arrival with grandiose hopes that somehow he will solve the country's problems. For their part, the new presidents usually begin with symbolic gestures designed to capture and sustain the country's good feeling. Usually the gestures are choreographed to convey the message: "I understand what my predecessor did wrong; I will do it right." So Richard Nixon said he would bring the country together again after Vietnam had divided it. Gerald Ford announced that our long national nightmare was over and toasted his own muffins to demonstrate that the era of the imperial, isolated presidency was at an end. Jimmy Carter, reacting also to Nixon and Watergate, dispensed with limousines and "Hail to the Chief," and walked to the White House after his inauguration. And most recently, of course, Ronald Reagan has tried to demonstrate that he, unlike Carter, will cooperate with Congress and with members of the opposition and will take an active part in Washington society. Reagan's initial post-election visit to Washington was greeted with hosannahs from the press and from politicians. As *Time* put it, "he came not as a conquering hero but as a man with natural poise and an instinct for the gracious touch that seemed to dazzle almost everyone he met."

We, too, were impressed with Reagan's arrival and hope that he can keep the honeymoon spirit alive long enough to give his legislative and economic programs a chance for a fair test. But good feelings and gestures alone are not sufficient to provide good government. Sooner or later, and probably sooner, the honeymoon will end, and by then President Reagan had better have a clear idea what he wants to accomplish, and how. We voice our concerns about Reagan's beginning not because we want to throw cold water on the current national romance, but because we hope that by performing well on substance, Ronald Reagan may avoid the fate of his four immediate predecessors, all of whom came to office invested with the public's fond hopes, and all of whom ended up on the reject pile.

Reagan has two primary tasks during the transition: to select his subordinates and to develop a strategy for governing. We have no doubt that the first will be accomplished expeditiously; it's that part of the process that naturally preoccupies the political community, including job-seekers, insiders, and gossips. But it's also vital that the new administration decide on a small list of foreign and domestic objectives it most wants to achieve, assign them priorities, and devise methods for carrying them out. The great error of the Carter administration was its failure to develop any strategy in either domestic or foreign policy, which led to four years spent wandering in search of one. Reagan has definite ideas about what he wants to try on the economic front—tax cuts, mainly—but it's not clear yet that he has an actual strategy for accomplishing his goals. There seems to be serious disagreement among Reagan's advisers whether or not domestic spending

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needs to be cut along with taxes, and whether Social Security and other entitlement programs need to go under the knife in the process. In foreign policy we find no evidence that a strategy has been settled upon. Reagan is for larger defense spending, but there is no Reagan doctrine describing what the money's to be spent on or why.

In a forthcoming book, *Memorandum for the President: A Strategic Approach to Domestic Affairs in the 1980s* (Random House), two veterans of frustrated service to the Carter administration, Ben Heineman Jr. and Curt Hessler, recommend that the new administration decide on five to 10 top priority issues earmarked for constant presidential attention; that a second level of issues be presidential/secretarial, with the goals set by the president and accomplished by the Cabinet departments, and that another 100 or so important issues be identified by the president, but delegated to others for goal-setting and accomplishment. No such hierarchy ever was established by Carter; we hope Reagan is in the process of avoiding this mistake.

There are also some troubling signs on the personnel front. Reagan has decided to operate the White House with two chiefs of staff—James Baker, who will oversee day-to-day operations and administration, and Edwin Meese, who will oversee policy and government operations. Both men are able. But we cannot imagine that there will not be jurisdictional conflicts between them, and confusion about administration policy as a result.

There already is intense factional warfare within the Reagan camp—between the new right and the moderates, those who favor putting Democrats in high posts and those who don't, and those who admire Henry Kissinger and those who detest him. We are rooting for the moderates, the bipartisans, and the Kissingerians. But the really important thing for Reagan is to get these conflicts resolved at the outset, or at least contained, so that they do not gnaw at the new administration for the next four years the way, for example, Brzezinski-Vance-Young differences afflicted Carter foreign policy.

Meanwhile there seems to be a disjunction between the roles of Reagan's transition teams and his policy councils. The transition teams, composed of experienced experts in their fields, are supposed to be touring the various government departments gathering personnel and budget information to turn over to the incoming administration. At the State Department and Defense Department, however, there are persistent reports of transition team members enunciating policy as if they intended to be the incoming administration—and doing so, what's more, before a Cabinet secretary has been appointed or a budget determined. Conservatives long have felt that in November and December of 1976, "McGovernite" Democrats captured Carter administration transition team positions, used them to ensconce themselves and their friends in administration jobs, and then controlled the policy choices of the Carter administration. It's now entirely possible that far-right activists similarly may capture Reagan policy with an eye to tilting toward South Africa, away from arms control, and toward reckless confrontation with—rather than prudent challenge to—the Soviet Union.

The best way for the Reagan administration to avoid having its policies set by outside forces—whether the Moral Majority or congressional Republicans and their special interest friends—is for Reagan and his top advisers to determine what they most want to accomplish in the next four years and to appoint strong people who understand and share those goals. If Reagan is to have a chance for a successful presidency, the time for doing those things is now.

White House Watch

Winding Down

The morning after the November 4 election, the President asked Secretary of State Edmund Muskie and the chief domestic and foreign policy advisers at the White House, Stuart Eizenstat and Zbigniew Brzezinski, to compile lists of things he'd have to do and things he could do in the time left to him. The lists, soon drawn, neither burdened nor thrilled him. "I have not quite so heavy a schedule these days as I have had in the past," he said on November 12, explaining that he'd make time to meet president-elect Ronald Reagan any day Reagan wished. A domestic affairs assistant who is close enough to be deeply involved in presidential business and far enough away to be somewhat detached said of his and his staff's continuing work, "The government does go forward. It has the unmistakable air of Boys' State, but it's got to be done."

Jimmy Carter said November 5 and again November 12, in slightly varying language: "It's important for the world to realize and for the American public to realize, that I'll be the President for the next two and a half months. Governor Reagan understands that. We will keep him informed, but the full constitutional responsibilities and authority, obviously, will be mine." Before Reagan and Carter met at the White House on November 20, Reagan said he understood and approved. He declined to receive Israeli prime minister Menachem Begin, agreed with obvious reluctance to receive West German chancellor Helmut Schmidt, and generally appeared to keep his bill out of presidential matters, excepting some indication through assistants of legislation and appointments that he hoped Carter would leave to him. "When I meet with him privately," Carter said on November 12, "I'll have some things to talk with him about—not advice on his conduct, but things I learned the hard way." Carter's stated agenda

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for Reagan included things on which he and Reagan had differed openly or by implication during the election campaign: handling the Iranian hostage problem; the Israeli-Egyptian talks and Palestinian autonomy; the difficulty and dangers of cutting taxes and budgets as much as Reagan had promised. At the close of their meeting, during a visit to Washington that was hailed as a triumph for Reagan, two reporters "pooling" for the White House press corps recorded a circumstance that received very little media notice. Reagan, the reporters said, was visibly "pale, nervous, uncomfortable" when he stood with Carter before the cameras in the Oval Office. Nancy Reagan seemed to be "cool, quite collected." Rosalynn Carter didn't show—because, Press Secretary Jody Powell said later, he'd failed to tell her staff that the time for the joint appearance had been changed.

THE USUAL stories of the White House atmosphere when a President is going out of office went the rounds. Carter skipped his customary morning jog for several days after his defeat. He walked from the residence to the Oval Office a little later than usual, nearer 8 than 7 a.m.—slowly, head down, instead of at his familiar brisk pace. Waiting to board a helicopter for a weekend trip to Camp David with the President three weeks after the election, Rosalynn walked slowly back and forth on the lawn, gazing at the stately South Portico and across the Rose Garden at the windows of the Oval Office as if she were taking it all in for the last time. She told an invited group of reporters that when she saw Prime Minister Begin on the way to what was probably his last meeting with Carter, she broke down and cried.

It was clear to White House reporters that Jody Powell, as tough a character as any working for Carter, was having a hard time assimilating the fact and aftermath of defeat. He and some other assistants who had usually returned reporters' telephone calls (this reporter's, anyhow) at some point, often delayed, were not returning them at all for a while. The shock of defeat on so colossal a scale apart, it was also clear to reporters in the sparsely populated press room that Powell and his staff didn't have enough work to keep them busy at times. The *Washington Star*'s Phil Gailey detected and reported signs of anger and resentment among the Carter staff—at the media, at an electorate so stupid as to have rejected their Jimmy.

A wider impression was one more of regret and bafflement than of bitterness, among assistants high and low who to the last had expected Carter to win and, impersonal distress aside, were soon to be jobless in a town swarming with voracious Republicans. Some were already jobless, including campaign staffers whose former White House jobs were not held open for them. Some of them found temporary haven at the White House; some didn't. Tim Kraft, Carter's campaign director, resigned from the White House staff when he moved to the campaign headquarters last spring. Now, battling a charge of cocaine use and incurring legal fees, he had not returned to the White House staff. James Earl (Chip) Carter III, who had transferred from the Democratic National Committee staff to the campaign staff, was back living at the White House mansion with his parents but was not back on the committee staff. Hamilton Jordan, who had taken leave instead of resigning from the White House staff when he joined the campaign, was again at the White House but no longer as its chief of staff. He lined up a teaching fellowship with Emory University in Atlanta last May and, after a final stint as general adviser to Carter, will start teaching and writing and lecturing next spring. In the meantime he is arguing in TV interviews that no President in the Carter years, tackling the problems that Carter tackled, could have been more successful, politically or otherwise, than Carter was. Carter made the same argument, though somewhat less emphatically than Jordan did.

Many assistants and Carter himself were busy enough, what with the persisting hostage problem and with the President's last budget, a State of the Union message, and a yearly economic message. A roster of post-election domestic chores prepared for Carter by Eizenstat and his domestic policy staff gives a notion of how rewarding and unrewarding this interim is. Department and agency appeals to the President from fiscal 1982 budget levels set by the budget office are about to begin. Carter has said he intends to submit a budget "on which I would be glad to govern if I were in office," but he and his people realize that it's mainly something for Reagan and his people to struggle with and alter. There was some argument as to whether he should both prepare and deliver a State of the Union message to Congress; he has decided to deliver it in person in early January.

OTHER ITEMS on the last work list: whether to issue a promised executive order requiring the use of gasohol in federal motor vehicles; whether to require maximum temperatures of 65 degrees in federal buildings after the current restriction expires January 16; whether to extend the lives of a bunch of presidential advisory committees before they expire December 31; a legally required decision on whether and by how much to recommend changes in executive, judicial, and congressional pay. The first major question that had to be settled right after the election was whether to negotiate with the Japanese government to restrict Japanese automobile exports to the US after the International Trade Commission refused to do so. That one was passed to Reagan, mainly because there wouldn't be time to negotiate the matter before January 20 and there's doubt that the President has the necessary authority, anyhow.

Pending the postmortems on Carter's term and on his defeat, I'll settle for a dialogue with Carter on November 5 when he was reminded that Reagan will be assuming the presidency without Washington

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experience, just as Carter did in 1977. Here's Carter, condensed:

"I think Governor Reagan will have the same things to learn that I had to learn. Obviously, I have grown in the job. I understand much better now who in the Congress is dependable, who is effective, who works hard, who can be constructive. I spent the first couple of years in this office as a student. It's my nature to learn things and I studied in the most meticulous detail the makeup of the budget, the role of the hundreds and hundreds of little tiny government entities and agencies. I didn't know these things well before I came here. I don't know what Governor Reagan's philosophy will be. He may want to do the same things, or he might want to devolve a much greater authority [to others]. Each President is different."

Question: "You say you've governed this country as a strong President. Why do you believe there was a failure in the country to perceive you as you perceive yourself?"

Carter: "What I meant was that I've never avoided the ultimate responsibility of making the difficult decision. When the final judgment came I made it, and I tried to acquaint myself with all the factors. And that's what I meant by governing as a strong leader. I didn't try to put the responsibilities off on anyone else. When a mistake was made I tried to take the blame."

That he did. And he got the blame.

John Osborne

Casting backward glances.

Strom's Law

The Voting Rights Act of 1965 was one of the most successful laws ever enacted by Congress. In one stroke it demolished an array of obstacles erected throughout the south to keep blacks from voting or holding elected office, and made sure that new hurdles would not be thrown up. Since the post-Reconstruction era, most southern states had systematically excluded blacks from the polls through such devices as poll taxes and literacy tests. In 1964, fewer than half of all eligible blacks were registered to vote in most of the deep south states. In Mississippi, the worst offender, fewer than seven percent were registered. Hardly any blacks held elected office in the south. The Voting Rights Act changed all this. First it triggered an explosion in the number of blacks registering to vote. In the five years following its passage, black voter registration nearly doubled in the six states (Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and North and South Carolina) to which the law applied. Second, it opened the way for a proliferation of black officeholders in the south. By 1979 there were 1,568 blacks in elected jobs in those six states.

So successful has the Voting Rights Act been, in fact, that some Republicans think it can be safely discarded. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, who will be the new chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee come January, has said he would prefer to see it either applied to the entire nation or else terminated. This is not the first time Thurmond has expressed skepticism about the law. He voted against the original 1965 act, and in 1970 he supported an effort by the Nixon administration to extend it to the entire country, a measure that would have gutted the law by making it impossible to administer.

The 1965 act was a drastic remedy to a disgraceful and intractable problem. During the 1950s and 1960s, the federal courts began to be persuaded that many southern states and localities had not designed their election laws in the interest of either black voters or the US Constitution. Many of those laws hence were ruled unconstitutional. But litigation turned out to be ineffective as a means of enfranchising blacks, since no sooner would one discriminatory law be struck down than another would be devised, requiring more litigation to prove it unacceptable. While the courts were working their will, the law would remain in effect, thus serving the purpose of discouraging black voting.

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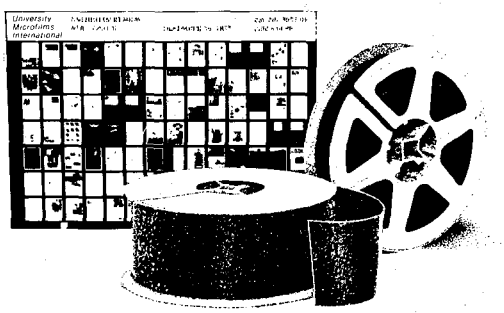

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By the time the issue was settled, the election would be long past. The Voting Rights Act was designed to prevent such ruses by forcing any state with a history of low voter registration or participation *and* a literacy test for voting (namely, the six mentioned) from making any change in its election laws without the approval of the attorney general or a federal district court in Washington. (A 1970 amendment brought a few counties outside the south under supervision.) It also suspended the use of literacy tests in the affected states (a ban later applied to the entire country). If a state or local government wanted to make any change in the way it handled elections, from establishing new rules for eligibility to moving a polling place, it had to get the federal government's approval first. If the change was rejected, the state or locality could take the fight to court, but in the meantime the existing (and constitutional) law would remain in effect. In 1975 new provisions were added to protect Hispanics, American Indians, and other "language minorities" by requiring bilingual ballots in many areas. This law clearly represented an unprecedented infringement on the prerogatives of the states. But it just as clearly was indispensable in guaranteeing southern blacks the right to vote.

Senator Thurmond thinks the current law unfairly discriminates against the south by singling it out for special federal supervision. Obviously the law does discriminate, but for the defensible reason that it was these six states that had been guilty of the most determined efforts to disenfranchise blacks. One would like to think that discrimination against blacks through election procedures is a thing of the past, but plenty of evidence suggests otherwise. The most common way to dilute black voting strength is to elect officials on an "at-large" basis throughout a city or county. If black voters constitute less than a majority, and a majority is needed to win, at-large representation can effectively foreclose the possibility of electing blacks. Dividing up the seats among single-member districts, by contrast, is more likely to provide black voters with representation proportionate to their numbers. The Justice Department says most of the changes it rejects are proposals for at-large elections. Presumably these would be used much more if the Justice Department's approval weren't needed.

This is a relatively subtle way to limit the power of blacks, but some supporters of the Voting Rights Act think its expiration would lead to the revival of cruder measures. Laughlin McDonald of the American Civil Liberties Union's Southern Voting Project in Atlanta notes that some southern states still include a literacy test on their voter registration forms, though they are not allowed to give it. He also complains that many changes already are made without submitting them to the Justice Department for approval, and that some changes rejected by the department are made anyway. In Jimmy Carter's own Sumter County, McDonald says, an at-large system is used for school board elections, even though the Justice Department ruled it discriminatory.

Thurmond's recent proposal to expand federal supervision to the rest of the country is identical to what Attorney General John Mitchell recommended in 1969. It is nothing more than an attempt to make the law unworkably broad. Asking the federal government to monitor the election laws of a handful of states isn't unrealistic, but it strains credulity to hope that it could do so for all 50. If Thurmond were sincerely concerned about discrimination in other states, he might propose that other discriminatory practices be included as ways of "triggering" federal supervision. But including the whole country would merely emasculate the law.

There is no more compelling reason to do away with the Voting Rights Act now. If, as its critics argue, the problem of racial discrimination through election laws and procedures no longer exists in the south, then there is no great harm in keeping the law. Changes still will require federal approval, but if a change doesn't discriminate against blacks, getting that approval isn't hard. If, on the other hand, there are still states and local governments which would like to take steps against black voters, then the law is there to prevent them from doing so. One can surely speculate about what will happen if the law is allowed to expire. What is certain is that no one will be hurt much if the law is kept, and that a lot of black voters could be hurt badly if it is not.

Stephen Chapman

They're crying in the wilderness.

Will Europe Behave?

Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's visit to Washington puts the focus back on some festering problems with the NATO allies. The Europeans never much liked Jimmy Carter, and Schmidt, for one, hardly even bothered to conceal his distaste. They found him glib, hypocritical, and wobbly. So did many Americans. But our European allies are hardly awaiting the investiture of Ronald Reagan with anything like enthusiasm, or even equanimity. The best description might be hopeful dread: hope that he did not mean much of what he said during the campaign, dread that he might have.

They noted that Reagan did not talk much about trans-Atlantic relations. But some of the themes he did touch upon failed to quiet their anxieties. One of these is "linkage"—the notion that when it drizzles in Baluchistan it is supposed to pour in Brittany. Europeans never much liked that concept, especially when it was others who fashioned the links. Thus their tepid reac-

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tion to the Olympic boycott and to the trade restrictions Washington imposed on Moscow as punishment for Afghanistan.

Another troubling assumption, common among the hard noses sniffing around Reagan, is that the US has been too lenient with its Atlantic allies. The allies, according to this line of thinking, are like an errant woman who secretly craves a sock in the jaw from her man just to show that he really loves her. The Europeans need a leader, it is said, and respect strength. Once the US shows that it is willing to get tough with the Russkies and stop coddling commies, ayatollahs, and neutralists, the Europeans will fall in line.

Don't bank on it. The differences between the US and its European allies run deep. They also cover not only relations with the Soviets, but ties to Eastern Europe, policies toward the Middle East, military strategy, and the whole gamut of trade and investment concerns. No amount of American muscle is going to resolve those problems. And if too much muscle is applied, the Europeans might just start walking backward. They may not like a flabby, irresolute Uncle Sam. But the prospect of a jingoistic, interventionist, go-it-alone administration is likely to push them toward the neutralism that the Reaganites fear. At the very least it would allow the Soviets to exploit US-European differences to their own advantage.

For most Europeans detente with the Soviet Union is a necessity. Their trade patterns, their prosperity, and their sense of security hinge on it. Although they did not like what happened in Afghanistan, neither did they see it as a threat to their own security. They felt that the invasion was related to the breakdown of the US-Soviet dialogue, and they felt that the Carter administration badly overreacted. So they dragged their feet on such US-designed punishments as the grain embargo and limits on technology transfer. Such measures, they argued, would not affect Soviet behavior and would only make it harder to focus on such crucial issues as arms control.

But in Washington detente is a dirty word. So is arms control. SALT II, though not yet decently buried, is clearly dead, a victim of Carter's indecisiveness and fumbling. Even if Reagan did an about-face and tried to resurrect it in disguise, he would need the help of a conjurer to get it through the incoming Senate. If there is no SALT II, then chances for a SALT III—with its promise of actual weapons cutbacks—will be bleak indeed. And it is the next round of arms limitation talks on which the Europeans have so much riding. They hoped those talks would lead to a turnaround in the arms race and allow them—by reducing atomic weapons in Europe—to escape from the nuclear front line. The current NATO argument over nuclear strategy dramatically reflects Europe's fears of being a supine instrument of American policy.

The European stake in detente is not only military and political, but economic as well. Stung by inflation, persistent unemployment, and sinking currencies, the Europeans are trying to hold the line on weapons. Last year, as a result of considerable arm-twisting by Washington, they agreed to increase their military budgets by three percent a year, adjusted for inflation. Carter, in turn, prodded from the right and traumatized by Afghanistan, pledged the US to a full five percent hike. Now come the Reaganites, brandishing the prospect of a seven to nine percent leap in real dollars.

The NATO allies have greeted this awesome spectacle with a very deft backward shuffle. Only the Norwegians, with their oil wells, and the French, with their very own *force de frappe*, seem likely to get anywhere near a three percent hike. The faithful Margaret Thatcher is dragging her feet, saying only that Britain will increase its military budget. Holland and Denmark will barely maintain their current spending, while even West Germany is trying to whittle down the figure. Reeling from a whopping trade deficit, and fearful of a consumer rebellion at belt-tightening, the Bonn government now is intimating that a one percent hike might be more reasonable.

AS HELMUT Schmidt has made clear, there is little support from the German people, or from most Europeans, for the kind of weapons build-up that Washington has been pushing. Out of both a habit of dependency and a persuasive economic logic, the Europeans continue to put their faith in the American nuclear deterrent. And they accepted the so-called "theater" nuclear weapons on their soil believing that these would provide the basis for across-the-board arms negotiations. In other words, they looked on the new missiles, which are capable of striking Soviet targets, as a bargaining chip. Washington, on the other hand, sees them as part of a reinforced NATO deterrent package.

At issue here is not simply a new weapons system. The questions are how to deal with the Soviets and what role Europe would play in any outbreak of hostilities. The Europeans do not want to be on any battlefield, let alone a nuclear battlefield. They put the emphasis on deterrence, negotiations, economic strength, and arms control. American strategists, by contrast, think about how to fight and conceivably "win" a nuclear war. The Europeans suspect, with some reason, that such a war would be fought mostly on their soil. Thus they cling to the American deterrent, while trying to escape becoming an instrument of American strategy. It is not an easy task, and the Europeans have been grappling with it ever since General de Gaulle began grating American sensibilities by pointing out the dangers of Europe's abject military dependence on the United States.

Disputes among the allies over NATO policy are likely to become sharper in the future because the disagreements are clearer and because the participants are more outspoken. The Americans grouse at the Europeans for being narrow-minded and self-indulgent, for flirting with neutralism and risking that vague but

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dread disease, "Finlandization." (The Poles, also on Russia's western frontiers, should do as well as the Finns.) The Europeans retaliate by complaining that the Americans are trigger-happy, that they provoke the Russians over trivial or futile issues, and that they are undermining the economic strength of the West with their demands for massive rearmament.

The Europeans complain that, even in matters that vitally concern them, they are informed first and consulted later. They read about the so-called Carter Doctrine, which declared an American proprietary interest in the Persian Gulf, in their newspapers. And they were instructed—with hints of dire punishment for non-compliance—to go along with the Olympic boycott and a partial embargo on trade and technology to Moscow. The embargo, now nearly a year after Afghanistan, is breaking down under the weight of its own futility. The decision of the French steel combine, Creusot-Loire, to fill a Moscow order canceled by a US-Japanese consortium is a clear indication that the consensus has broken down. The Europeans increasingly are reluctant to follow American direction when they feel that it is contrary to their interests.

The Europeans are neither soft-headed nor spineless, as exasperated Washington strategists sometimes charge. They just see their interests in a different light, and they wonder whether we fully understand our own. Although they can play Realpolitik with the toughest professors from the Hoover Institution or Georgetown University, they question whether US strategy can work and whether it is beneficial to the alliance as a whole. Challenging the Russians to an arms race, they argue, will not get the Red Army out of Afghanistan, let alone Eastern Europe. But it could lead to a new escalation of tension and rearmament, thereby triggering a round of inflation, unemployment, and even political instability. Europeans have too much at stake in detente to give it up lightly. If they beef up their military forces it will not be because they think that will hold back an imminent Red tide. They will do no more than they have to in order to keep Washington pacified.

Europeans argue, and a good many Americans are coming to agree, that national defense cannot be measured in weapons and troops alone. The economic strength of Western societies—their ability to ensure full employment, sustain growth, and maintain stability—is an essential part of their security. Any defense policy that fails to take the economic side of the equation into account is dangerous and short-sighted.

The Europeans have their interests to protect. Nowhere are Europeans and Americans more at odds than in the Middle East. The Carter administration's decision to set up a strike force in the Persian Gulf, combined with its finagling for bases in Egypt, Saudi Arabia, and perhaps Israel, have received little European support. The allies complain that the real danger to the stability of the oil-producing states comes from within the Gulf states (witness the Mecca mosque episode and the Iranian revolution) and from each other rather than from heathen Moscow. And they fear that an American military presence in the area may not only stimulate anti-Western sentiments, as the Saudis have warned, but act as a magnet for the Russians, who will want to get a piece of the action.

On the Arab-Israeli issue the Europeans will be even more at odds with Reagan than they have been with Carter, at least if the president-elect tries to carry through some of his campaign promises. They view the Camp David accords as little more than a stopgap arrangement between Cairo and Jerusalem. And they are planning to revive their own plan for an overall settlement, sketched out at Venice earlier this fall. One could argue that the troubles between Arabs and Jews are nothing compared to the quarrels among the Moslem states of the Arab world, many of whom seem intent on dismembering one another in the name of some holy writ. One might even be right. But the Europeans, intent on cementing their relations with the dispensers of oil, are not buying the argument.

Reagan's foreign policy advisers, however unsympathetic they may be to European anxieties, would make a mistake in treating them as inconsequential. The cohesion of the Atlantic alliance hinges not only on the huffing and puffing of the Big Bear, but on a sense of common interests and common loyalties. The Europeans are in process of finding a new loyalty in their still-embryonic community. Any heavy shoving or barking from Washington is likely to push them further away. And it would be sure to stimulate what American policy-makers have been trying to avoid for the past 30 years: a politically cohesive Western Europe with an independent foreign policy. The Reaganites have been talking big from the sidelines. They would do well to walk softly now that they are center stage, and even listen to some of the supporting players.

Ronald Steel

Ronald Steel writes regularly on foreign affairs for *The New Republic.*

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Judging the Cabinet

In a parliamentary system, like that in England, voters usually know before an election who the principal members of the next Cabinet will be. In the United States, voters can only speculate, with the help of columnists, who have not been very accurate in their

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predictions of who will be appointed by the newly elected presidents. Occasionally a candidate will hint at prospective appointments. In this year's campaign only one likely candidate, Gerald Ford, named a possible appointee. Ford said that, if elected, he would make Henry Kissinger, Henry and God willing, his secretary of state. This announcement was looked upon as a sign of weakness, as violating the cult of secrecy about future Cabinet nominees.

IMMEDIATELY after election, however, the timidity and hesitation that marked the candidate disappears. Presidents-elect begin to talk about the important choices they are prepared to make, and soon they begin to name prospective Cabinet officers. It is as though election had given them the special grace of office, not unlike the gift of infallibility which follows from a papal election.

Ronald Reagan is expected to begin announcing his Cabinet choices this week. He has been getting outside advice, solicited and unsolicited, from columnists and political commentators. I would not presume to offer such advice. But in judging the selections Reagan does make, it will be useful to recall the qualifications, characters, and performances of Cabinet members in past administrations.

I would rate George Marshall as the best secretary of state in recent decades. Marshall was experienced in war and in peace; he was pragmatic. He saw foreign policy as an extension of national character and interests. He was a "historian." The worst secretary of state was Dean Rusk, although pushed hard by John Foster Dulles. Dulles laid down the ideological lines for the cold war "confrontation," "massive retaliation," "the immorality of neutralism," and so on. He also arranged covenants, executive agreements, and treaties to sustain these moral judgments. Rusk, succeeding Dulles after a brief interlude, accepted the ideological dicta and took action to support them. He was to Dulles what Cromwell was to John Calvin.

The general conclusion is that the secretary of state should not be an ideologue. The appointee should not be from a family with strong traditions in the religious ministry, nor be a geopolitical thinker, nor be schooled in the balance of power theory of the Austro-Hungarian empire. And preferably he or she should not have been "with" a foundation or, as they say, "of" an institution, like Brookings.

The best secretary of the treasury in the last 50 years probably was Henry Morgenthau of the Roosevelt administration. He was skilled in politics and in finance, informed of world affairs. Among recent secretaries, three deserve praise: Henry Fowler, and his successor, Joseph Barr, of the Johnson administration, and George Shultz, of the Nixon administration. All three understood that the United States dollar was a force for stability and economic growth at home, and a force for order in world affairs. The worst recent treasury secretary was John Connally, who in a short term achieved a significant failure by cutting the dollar free, and letting it float—or, in a more appropriate Texas image, letting it loose on the world monetary range with no more than a hair brand to identify it.

The best attorney general of modern times was Francis Biddle, who held that office under Roosevelt and under Truman, with William Rogers of the Eisenhower administration as a runner-up. Both Biddle and Rogers kept the office above politics. Both understood that the attorney general was the top law officer in the land. Both probably would have resigned if it had been suggested to them that a special prosecutor be appointed to handle matters under their jurisdiction. The worst attorney general of our times was John Mitchell for politicizing the Justice Department even to the point of involving it in campaign politics. The attorney general should not have been the campaign manager of the president who appoints him. Preferably this person should not be from the president's own political party. Nor, for that matter, from the president's family.

CABINET POSITIONS other than the three above are of lesser order, or should be if properly conceived and administered. They are primarily service and executive offices, rather than policy-making ones.

Louis Johnson, secretary of defense under Truman, was the last secretary to stand against the growth of the military-industrial complex. Melvin Laird, secretary of defense under Nixon, was a militarist, but he directed and controlled the expansion. Laird's political experience was a good preparation. His record supports the argument that the secretary of defense should be drawn from Congress.

The worst secretary of defense must be Robert McNamara. He brought to the office the arrogance of the automobile industry, which previously had been represented by Charlie Wilson of General Motors. One sure conclusion is that the secretary of defense should not be a former automobile executive. A football coach might do, or possibly two: one for defense and one for offense.

The postmaster general is no longer a member of the Cabinet. But without question, the best postmaster general was James Farley of the Roosevelt administration. He ran the post office well and also the Democratic party. He kept politics in the post office where it could do little harm. He recognized that politics is like pigeons. If it is concentrated in one building, or one department, you should not scatter it to others.

The worst postmaster general was Arthur E. Summerfield of the Eisenhower administration. He let politics get out of the post office, and let the service deteriorate. Then he took up pornography and censorship. *Lady Chatterly's Lover* was banned from the mails, as was Aristophanes's *Lysistrata*. The ban on the second item was lifted when Summerfield learned that the play had been written over 2,000 years before he moved to ban it.

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The best secretary of labor was Frances Perkins. The poorest was Martin Durkin of the Eisenhower administration. Durkin had been a union member. Perkins was a graduate of Mount Holyoke. The lesson is obvious.

The best secretary of agriculture was Charlie Brannan, who delighted in arguing with Agricultural Committee members. The worst was Ezra Taft Benson, a bishop of the Mormon church. A good rule for picking a secretary of agriculture is to get someone from the opposite party to take the job, someone who will not introduce religion into the department, and someone who knows that ethnic jokes, which may be accepted quite without prejudice by farm audiences, are not generally acceptable. If hard pressed, the president might look to Minnesota, which in recent years has become the mother of secretaries of agriculture.

Harold Ickes of the Roosevelt Cabinet was a model secretary of the interior. He not only was a conservationist, but was also a capable defender of his policies, able to draw criticism away from the president, and unquestionably politically helpful. Ickes was credited with typing Thomas Dewey, Roosevelt's opponent in the 1944 presidential election, as "the little man on the wedding cake." He once defended the government policy of killing young pigs to reduce the supply of pork during the Depression, by saying that he had "never known a pig that died of old age." The worst secretary of the Interior was Douglas McKay of the Eisenhower administration, appointed for no discernible reason other than that he had been governor of Oregon, a state with many trees. Before becoming secretary he had owned and operated a Chevrolet agency.

The best Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, now the Department of Health and Human Resources, was Wilbur Cohen, a non-political career person. Wilbur knew the programs and knew how to administer them. He never complained of the burdens of the office or suggested that they were beyond his powers. He left the proposing of new programs to the elected politicians. The worst HEW secretary possibly was John Gardner, who resigned from the office in protest over "priorities" and other things. Gardner was miscast; he misunderstood the office. Gardner would have been a good person to preach the Crusades or proclaim the westward movement in the United States, but he was not the person to put in charge of the march to Jerusalem or of a wagon train passing through Indian territory. The guiding rule in picking a secretary of health and human resources is that his or her motto should be "Sufficient unto the day are the problems already assigned to this department." The secretary should not reach out seeking more authority, as did Joseph Califano when he challenged the secretary of agriculture for jurisdiction over killing chickens.

Appointing a secretary of commerce is one official act in which no president should fail. The secretary of commerce should be a nice person, decent, contented, full of pleasantries, with no further political ambitions, ideally with no ambitions of any kind. He or she should be able to report encouraging or discouraging business reports with equal assurance and optimism. The best secretary of commerce in recent administrations was Luther Hodges, in the Kennedy administration. Luther wore a fresh flower in his coat lapel each day.

The new departments—Housing and Urban Development, Transportation, Energy, and Education—have not been in existence long enough to permit objective standards for secretaries like the ones I have discussed. In any case, president-elect Reagan has said he would eliminate some of these.

Eugene McCarthy

Eugene McCarthy is a former senator from the mother of secretaries of agriculture.

The PLO's house in shambles.

Obeisance to a Shadow

Three years ago, as I was sharing a taxi with four Palestinians on the way from Beirut to Damascus, we suddenly came upon work squads of women marching in step, several hundred strong, dressed in khaki fatigues. My Palestinian companions discussed nothing else for the rest of the journey. They were appalled how thoroughly the pattern of Arab life had been smashed, and they speculated about the social and political consequences. Syria, they prophesied pessimistically, would end up as a Russian province.

Today those Palestinians must be even gloomier. Syria has now signed a 20-year treaty with the Soviet Union, by which either country is committed to aid the other in the event of a threat to its security. A treaty of this type is a standard weapon of Soviet diplomacy, for though it may not mean much in itself, it provides a permanent pretext for intervention. (Such treaties also encourage Moscow's partners: Ethiopia and Vietnam attacked their neighbors as soon as the Soviets had committed themselves formally as allies.) Between 3,000 and 5,000 Soviet military or technical advisers are already in Syria. A number of ministries have Soviet supervisors attached to them.

This turn of events has not been brought about by conversion to communism on the part of the Syrian president, Hafez Assad. He knows perfectly well what kind of a whirlwind he is in danger of raising. The Syrian Communist party, under a veteran Moscow loyalist, Khaled Bakdash, maintains an uneasy alliance with the ruling Baathist party, and even holds a couple of government portfolios. President Assad may well

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worry that the Soviet Union will insist upon the Afghanistan ploy once again, and replace him with a puppet. But he has practically no choice. His foreign policy stance is inexorably dictated by the internal chaos of the country, and that chaos stems wholly from the regime's lack of legitimacy. There are copybook lessons to be learned here, not just about military dictatorships in developing countries, but about the nature of contemporary Arab politics.

Ten years ago, President Assad seized power in a coup. He and his associates have no special ideology or identity except that they belong to the Alawite minority. Ninety percent of the population is Sunni. Assad set about making Syria safe for Alawites and himself in particular. Assad's brother Rifaat is commander of the one force that matters, the so-called Defense Brigades, about 40,000 strong, and the usual type of special police corrupted by absolute power. Political opponents, including former heads of state and ministers, have long been held in prison without trial, eliminated, or driven into exile. Over half the national budget is devoted to arms expenditures.

NONE OF THIS in itself would break the long-suffering spirit of people accustomed for centuries to tyranny and despotism. The expectation in Syria is that the ruler will arrange the state to his advantage. But today this means militarization on a totalitarian scale. In fact two all-out attempts have been made to bolster the regime by military methods, namely the 1973 invasion of Israel and the 1975 occupation of Lebanon. Neither of them succeeded, which meant that even greater efforts to militarize had to be undertaken. So Russification has been enforced; more and more female work squads are mobilized; more reluctant conscripts are drafted; the lives of the ruled are suddenly such that they no longer can take anything familiar or domestic for granted. Just as the Iranians reacted to the shah's superimposed reforms by falling back upon their religious identity, so Syrians by the thousand have supported the Moslem Brethren. Persecuted and outlawed in many Arab countries, the Moslem Brethren is a semi-secret society founded some 50 years ago with the aim of restoring Islamic values, but in the Syrian context they are mostly simple folk who resent being robbed of everything familiar to them. Work squads composed of their women—to continue that image—are unacceptable to Syrian society.

The armed opposition of the Moslem Brethren began in June 1979, when an artillery school in Aleppo was suddenly attacked and 60 of the cadets were massacred. Other attacks followed elsewhere. A number of Soviet officers were assassinated, and Soviet premises burned down. In March this year, Aleppo, a city of a million inhabitants, was placed under military rule, and the death toll after a week of virtual civil war was never established. Riots have taken place in Homs, Hama, and Lattakia. An unspecified number of army officers, all Sunni Moslems, were put before a tribunal and shot, presumably to warn off would-be plotters. Lawyers, newspaper editors, and doctors were gunned down on the street or in their homes. Then, this June, a hand grenade was thrown at Assad himself while he was driving the president of Niger to Damascus airport.

At once Assad went on a no-holds-barred offensive. Syria's main towns consequently have been controlled by the military. Nobody knows quite how many thousand people have been killed in battles between the Moslem Brethren and the army or the Defense Brigades. Foreign journalists naturally are not welcome, and some of them (for instance Tim Llewellyn of the BBC) have left the Middle East altogether after receiving death threats. When an amnesty was offered this summer to any Moslem Brethren who gave themselves up, over a thousand accepted, but again, nobody knows what happened to them. It was reported in October that at least 400 political prisoners in the desert prison of Palmyra had been massacred. Meanwhile Syrian opposition leaders in exile have not escaped, and one of the most eminent, the 68-year-old Salah Bitar, founder of the Baath party and a former minister, has been shot dead in Paris, where he published a newspaper.

To strengthen himself in his increasingly beleaguered isolation, Assad declared the unification of Syria with Libya. The huge distance between the two countries strongly suggests that this unity will not have much concrete effect; but in any case, Colonel Muammar Qaddafi is long on rhetoric and short on performance, and appears not even to sign the checks he waves about. Moscow alone could help. Syria did not condemn the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. The reward was more deliveries of arms, including T-72 tanks. So the vicious spiral grows: the more power slips away in Damascus, the greater the need for Soviet aid to bolster what is left, and the more Assad has to take the measures of Russification which divide him from the people. Fighting for his life, then, Assad committed himself to the Soviet treaty. There are no rules left except the primacy of survival, and in the jungle of Arab military dictatorships Assad's is certainly among the fittest.

It has been bad luck that, at a moment when the Soviet card has to be played in Damascus, Assad should have to face the consequences of the lengthy hostilities between Iraq and Iran bursting into open warfare. No doubt some Moslem Brethren in Syria are little more than fundamentalist warriors for Islam who, to some extent, have been encouraged by Iraq and Jordan. (In the style divertingly associated with Ayatollah Khomeini, Assad accuses them of being Zionist too.) In the normal course of action, Syria would not have hesitated to reply in kind. But to maintain the fiction of Arab unity he cannot aid Iran overtly. Assad is therefore instigating the Kurds to rebel in Iraq, and may be supplying Iran secretly. If Iraq were to

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win substantially, it would become the dominant power in the region and its standing would be enhanced, to the detriment of Syria. If Iraq were to lose substantially, Moscow would have to bail it out, again to the detriment of Syria.

In either case, according to the hateful logic of these power plays, Assad would appear to have to make himself the greatest nuisance in the area. He has the opportunity, should the Israeli government proceed with the untimely proposal of its right flanks, to pass a bill annexing the Golan Heights. Even the most forlorn and hopeless attack on Israel might serve at this juncture to rally the unhappy and distracted Syrians, to poke in the eye the Egypt of Camp David, to upstage Iraq, and to test out the treaty with the Soviet Union, including any secret clauses it may have. At present, the Syrian army is more or less indispensable to the regime's internal security, but practical considerations need not necessarily stand in the way. What would the Russians do, with Syria embarked upon a last-ditch measure to save the Golan Heights, and the Israelis poised to recapture the positions of 1973?

THE UNITY of Israel's enemies is once again a shambles. Syria set out to break up the big pan-Arab summit planned by Jordan's King Hussein for Amman, so staying away too are Libya, South Yemen, Algeria, and helpless Lebanon. The war of the Arabs apparently is irresistible to the combatants. There are now in effect two rejection fronts against Israel, each also rejecting the other.

Hard as the squeeze is now on Syria, it is even harder upon Syria's dubious client, the PLO, now also obliged to absent itself from the Amman conference. Actually the disintegration of the PLO had been proceeding apace for some time. Constituent parts of this higgledy-piggledy organization have been falling by the wayside. The PFLP, or Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, was essentially a Christian group which had to prove its radical credentials by claiming to be more Marxist-Leninist than any other, but it is in semi-abeyance following the death from cancer of one leader, Wadia Haddad, and the paralysis of the other, George Habash, as a result of a brain tumor operation in September. The other Marxist-Leninist group within the PLO, the Popular Democratic Front, has found a number of its brighter members emigrating or taking academic jobs. The Iraqis have better things to do right now than back their PLO faction, the Arab Liberation Front.

Al Fatah, which is Yasser Arafat's own faction of the PLO, as well as the largest, consisting of a few thousand members, began the year badly when aid from Libya was suspended and the PLO was ordered out of the country. Why this rupture occurred remains obscure. In any event, only Baghdad and Damascus, among Arab capitals, were still prepared to receive Arafat, and the incompatible choice between them was made for him by *force majeure*. Thanks to inept efforts at mediating in the Iran-Iraq war, the PLO is no longer welcome in Baghdad, nor in the ayatollah's Tehran.

Worse for the PLO is the split that has arisen from its congress held in Damascus in May. Arafat tried to pack the gathering in order to pass resolutions to continue diplomatic efforts against Israel; he has come to believe that his best chance lies in some compromise which will give him the West Bank and Gaza for a start, expanding as and how he can afterward. Al Fatah voted instead for the armed struggle "to liquidate the Zionist entity politically, economically, militarily, culturally, and ideologically." Khalil Wazir and Salah Khalaf have been Arafat's friends and right-hand associates since student days 25 years ago, but they both left him in the lurch, and urged military action against Israeli targets. Salah Khalaf, the former head of Black September, the terrorist arm of Al Fatah, has been commander of military operations on the West Bank, and is in a position to lead a putsch against Arafat. Israeli targets in fact have not been attacked, though suspicion lingers that Salah Khalaf and his extremists may have engineered recent apparently neo-fascist attacks on Jews in Paris, in Munich, and in Antwerp, and perhaps even the outrage at Bologna station, when a bomb exploded to kill 80 bystanders.

With these tactics, Salah Khalaf is attempting to wrest the PLO leadership from Arafat. For the time being, Khalil Wazir seems to support Arafat once more, but in the last several weeks there have been assassinations and attempted assassinations among the upper echelons of the PLO as a consequence of this struggle for power. A fortnight ago one of Arafat's aides said that the PLO is "sad and depressed."

What is brutally exposed is the absence of a PLO base among the Palestinian masses. The PLO is expressed not as a national movement but as a series of intricate in-fights among a few personalities, who become ever more unscrupulous as they lose their toe-holds in one Arab capital after another. In national conflicts, as between Iran and Iraq, or Iran and Syria, the PLO is a helpless interloper, its interests only those Arafat declares them to be. A few people do not comprise a revolution or a liberation movement simply because they label themselves as such. Palestinians have not been represented by the to-ing and fro-ing of their self-declared leaders. The PLO more and more looks like a construct typical of its period, the 1960s, that time of Saturnalia when words were mistaken for deeds, when Black Panthers or Paris students or Jim Jones's People's Temple could claim that the real world might be suspended, and there was nobody to dispute them.

Perhaps Arafat will win through, for he has proved his elastic abilities to recover. Perhaps Salah Khalaf will obtain some backer or sponsor and attempt attacking Israeli targets across the Golan Heights. But the PLO's future will be determined less by the Palestinians than by the conjuncture of world events. On the West Bank and in Gaza, meanwhile, somber skepti-

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cism reigns. It is an indication of the true condition of the occupied territories that Ahmed Jaber, one of the Palestinians involved in killing Israelis in Hebron last year, has publicly revealed the details of the training he received in Russia, and that a 30-year-old doctor arrested in Ramallah has proved to be the local KGB plant. Whatever the inner feelings of the Palestinians under occupation, those who claim to be representing them are instigated by foreign powers. The Israeli policy of inactivity arose because nobody could devise anything better, but sometimes it looks as if it is paying off, if accidentally, as the PLO fades and shrinks to its real dimensions.

But did not Bruno Kreisky arrange for the PLO to be granted the equivalent of diplomatic recognition in Austria? Have not Senegal, Nepal, and India done the same this year, with Mrs. Gandhi dutifully waiting on the Delhi runway for Arafat? Didn't a PLO representative threaten the Japanese with hellfire if the PLO failed to achieve diplomatic status in Tokyo? And has not Tomas Borge, quasi-foreign minister of the new Nicaragua, explained that the cause of the PLO is the cause of the Sandinistas? Lately Arafat lambasted everyone from a UNESCO platform in Belgrade. Look, no hands! It is a conjuror's trick. Arafat can count on nothing anywhere in the Arab world; he is bought and sold as mercenaries are. He cannot be sure of his closest colleagues, and the Israelis are less at risk than PLO members are among themselves. Yet at present the European foreign ministers are deliberating whether to extend recognition to the PLO. Pitiful ignorance, yes—but in such triumphs of mind over matter lie the dangers to come.

David Pryce-Jones

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Thwarted Islamic designs.

The Theocracy Unravels

At least one important aspect of the impact of the Iraqi war on Iran's internal politics is becoming increasingly clear: Khomeini's project for the creation of an Islamic theocracy in Iran has suffered a serious setback. October ended with the creation of a unified command over Iran's regular and irregular armed forces. Coming some six weeks after the Iraqi invasion, this act furthered the process of progressive centralization of power which first had become apparent with the emergence of President Bani-Sadr as the dominant figure in Iran's war effort. This progressive centralization of power reverses the previous trend toward increasing domination of the clergy over a debilitated state. At the same time, the popularity of the moderates, especially that of the former prime minister Bazargan and his associates—the chief targets of the clerics' "anti-imperialist" rhetoric during the last few months—has increased considerably.

Khomeini has been fully aware of this shift and has sought to minimize its adverse effect upon the consolidation of clerical hegemony by a series of careful maneuvers. He has done everything possible to clip Bani-Sadr's wings. He set up a Supreme Defense Council as the highest decision-making organ, purposely selecting its non-military members so as to check the president. Bani-Sadr's exposure in the cleric-controlled media has been drastically reduced. Early in October, Khomeini vetoed the mission of Bani-Sadr's man, Farhang, to the UN on the grounds that the agency was controlled by the US; then, a week or two later, he unexpectedly dispatched the clerics' little man, Prime Minister Raja'i, to present Iran's case against Iraq before the Security Council of the United Nations. Despite these efforts, however, there can be little question that the Iraqi invasion has put an end to one of the most intriguing experiments in modern history: Khomeini's attempt to create a "New Islamic Order" in which the state was to be totally subordinated to the religious institution and its powers drastically circumscribed.

It is significant that Khomeini's book, *Islamic Government*, makes no mention of an Islamic republic. The central notion is that the "Sovereignty of the [Religious] Jurist [*Faqih*]" constitutes the ideal and only truly Islamic form of government. There is every reason to believe that Khomeini considered an Islamic republic to be the appropriate form of government only for the period of transition to the truly Islamic government. In this final stage, sovereignty would belong to the clergy on behalf of God. There would be no room for sovereignty of the people and the supremacy of the state as the presumed embodiment of the national will.

In an interview with Khomeini in France shortly before his triumphant return to Tehran, I asked him what room was left for parliamentary legislation in a government based on the sovereignty of the jurist as the authoritative interpreter of the sacred law. He did concede a role for legislation by a popularly elected parliament, but, to the dismay of his aide, Dr. Ibrahim Yazdi, who was present during the interview, restricted its scope "to matters which are beneath the dignity of Islam to concern itself with."

Here then was Khomeini's project for withering the state to its proper size in his "New Islamic Order": to desecularize the judiciary and the educational systems and to bring them under the control of the clergy, and to restrict the jurisdiction of the state to matters "which are beneath the dignity of Islam to concern

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itself with," such as traffic regulations and the running of the economy. Its legislative branch would pass laws regarding these matters and these matters only, and its executive branch would implement them and manage the day-to-day affairs of the country. The "Council of the Guardians of the Constitution," representing the Shiite religious institution, would insure that the state remained within the straitjacket tailored for it.

The above was the ultimate goal. During the transitional period, Khomeini and the Islamic Republican party moved quickly to paralyze the army, the main pillar of the state, and precipitate its disintegration. Bazargan, who had defended the integrity of the state and the army, was ousted through the taking of the American hostages. Bani-Sadr, another advocate of the strong state, was prevented from forming an interim cabinet after his election as president. The IRP, created for the purpose of implementing Khomeini's blueprint, captured some two-thirds of the seats in the Islamic Consultative Assembly, or Majlis. The highest offices of state were filled, as far as possible, by lay weaklings and servile nonentities, while specially appointed clerics continued to supervise the activities of the ministries. The state apparatus was repeatedly purged of "Westernized" elements. (These purges, incidentally, freed a considerable number of governmental posts and salaries, some of which went as spoils to the Islamic activists and their relatives.)

The desecularization of the educational system took the form of a "cultural revolution" designed to eradicate all traces of Western cultural influence from the universities and high schools and to bring the educational system under clerical control. It was launched by the IRP in April 1980, and was intensified after the abortive US rescue attempt. The universities were closed indefinitely and only the faculties of medicine were to reopen in October. The cultural revolution and "Islamization" were pursued vigorously in July, with Khomeini personally directing the witch hunt at the universities. The IRP also turned its attention to the systematic desecularization of the judiciary system during a seminar convened in April. During the last days of May, Khomeini exhorted the deputies of the Majlis to implement Islamic justice.

With the army in an advanced state of disintegration and the president deprived of a Cabinet and emasculated, the religiously significant month of Ramadan (July 1980) was chosen for the official inauguration of the New Islamic Order, appropriately marked by the dismissal of a large number of the female employees of the state for not wearing the *chador*. A few days later a man was executed in Rasht for a new category of crime—"a lack of respect for religion." By August Khomeini felt confident enough to congratulate his followers on their revolution's "unprecedented success" at installing, in the short space of 18 months, all the basic institutions of the New Islamic Order.

The war with Iraq drastically changed the situation. The vast majority of people immediately rallied to Iran's defense against the invaders. But this mass mobilization implied neither the support for the New Islamic Order nor the desire for the continued domination of the clergy over a withered state. Quite the contrary, many people are lending an ear to the opponents of clericalism. The moderates who had opposed the destruction of the armed forces and the Islamic purges have emerged from the silence imposed upon them through terrorization by the storm troopers of the IRP to speak to a receptive audience in defense of their view. Bazargan now publishes a newspaper, *Mizan*, and has been allowed to air a regular TV program. Yazdi has also turned to active journalism. Even the arch-charlatan among the moderates, Ghotbzadeh, has become vocal in opposition to clerical hegemony.

The latter, in fact, felt strong enough to force a showdown by calling the IRP clerics in charge of the national radio and television network "liars and fascists" on a television program. Vigorous protests followed his arrest on November 7. One petition for his release was signed by 3,000 merchants and workers in Tehran. The IRP clerics were forced to back down, and he was released three days later. In mid-November Bani-Sadr had become confident enough to deliver a scorching anti-clerical speech in which he excoriated the mullahs for perpetrating the same kinds of abuses seen under the late shah, namely widespread repression and torture of political prisoners. Having reinstated a number of purged officers, Bani-Sadr is eagerly cultivating his popularity among the armed forces who are formally under his command. Meanwhile, the "Islamic" purges have stopped and, as a necessary consequence of the war, the army and the state are being strengthened.

Until the outbreak of the war, in spite of the declared animosity and violent attacks of the IRP, the Tudeh (Communist) party had been the staunchest secular supporter of the Islamic republic. Relying on eventual help from its Soviet friends, the Tudeh considered itself Khomeini's prospective heir. Now the reinstated officers and functionaries of the state have good reason to pretend to forget their grievances and to defend the Islamic republic. There is an ironic symmetry between the present posture of the moderates and the former posture of the Tudeh, each suffering demeaning subservience but with the gleeful prospect of the suppression of their rivals by the IRP leaders. Throughout the past year, the attacks of the clerics of the IRP had been two-pronged: against the left, and

Coming:

Marie Syrkin on the Peace of Jerusalem.

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against the "Westernized" moderates. But since September, the number of threatening fingers pointed toward the clergy with the exclamation, "When the Imam dies!" has increased noticeably. While the moderates still must suffer the formal overlordship of the mullahs, they are now working to reorient what remains of the Islamic zeal of the IRP clerics toward the containment or suppression of the "atheistic" left.

The Iraqi invasion has not destroyed the Islamic republic, but it has killed Khomeini's dream of Islamic theocracy.

Sharif Arani

Sharif Arani is a pseudonym for an Iranian who teaches sociology at a university in the United States.

Not even a cover-up—just a brush-aside.

The Rehabilitation of Richard Allen

by Jonathan Kwitny

At a press conference November 6, two days after his election, president-elect Reagan reinstalled Richard V. Allen as his senior foreign policy adviser. Reagan announced that "our people" had made inquiries about Allen, "and we find absolutely no evidence of wrongdoing whatsoever. . . . We found no conflict of interest." With that, Allen, who resigned from Reagan's staff five days before the election because of an article about his private business activities in the October 28 *Wall Street Journal*, seems to have been rehabilitated.

Reagan didn't say, and reporters didn't ask, exactly how his people had dealt with the *Journal*'s account of Allen's international consulting work. Asked later, Lyn Nofziger, Reagan's press secretary, said that no written report had been prepared, but that Edwin Meese, head of Reagan's transition team, "spent four or five hours going over all the documents and he said there was no wrongdoing." Attempts to reach Meese for five days after this failed.

Reagan did say, at his press conference, that "several major newspapers have come to the same conclusion" as his team about the charges against Allen. It is true that other major newspapers, having printed Allen's denials of any wrongdoing, seem disinclined to pursue the matter. But there has been no real challenge to the facts as presented in the *Wall Street Journal*. The technique the incipient Reagan administration has adopted for dealing with its first ethical problem is not really a cover-up; it is more like a brush-aside. For that reason, it may be useful to state what is known and unchallenged about Allen's activities before he begins representing this country to the world. At the very least the story offers a picture of how a public servant can cash in on his government experience and contacts.

First some chronology. In the 1960s, Allen was a scholar of international affairs at the Hoover Institution, a conservative think tank at Stanford. In 1968, he became a foreign policy adviser in Richard Nixon's presidential campaign. He later joined the Nixon administration as an assistant to Henry Kissinger. Allen and Kissinger didn't get along, and Allen left the government after 10 months. But he remained a member of the President's Commission on International Trade and Investment Policy, an advisory group. Allen went to work as an aide to John King, a Denver resources magnate Allen had met during the 1968 Nixon campaign. King and another aide later were sentenced to prison for their roles in the Investors Overseas Services scandal at the time Allen was working for King. Allen's job involved finding natural resources projects for some investment capital King had obtained from IOS in hopes of starting an IOS spin-off fund specializing in natural resources. Allen says he was in Geneva to watch the "fascinating" negotiations between the King group and IOS but didn't take part, and he wasn't implicated in the scandal.

In 1971, Allen became deputy assistant to the president for international economic affairs. He stayed in this job until July 31, 1972, when he resigned and went into business as a consultant. His clients included a Portuguese business consortium backed by the Portuguese government. The consortium paid him $60,000 a year plus expenses to advocate continued white colonial rule in Portugal's African colonies (for which he registered with the Justice Department as a

(continued on page 24)

Jonathan Kwitny, a reporter for the *Wall Street Journal*, broke the original story about Richard Allen.

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[2]Social Security was never *intended* to be more than a basic system supplemented by private pensions and individual savings. The price for forgetting this has been high and promises to get higher: combined employer/employee FICA taxes on our grandchildren's salaries could reach 25%. Of course, there are alternatives. Social Security could increase the official retirement age, pay benefits based on government-determined need, or simply ... *reduce benefits in general!*

[3]Two-thirds of small businesses surveyed in 1978 offered no pension plans at all. One reason: Typically, big employers can write off 46¢ in taxes for every pension dollar they contribute, while most small ones can only write off about 20¢. In some cases, they can't write off anything.

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foreign agent). He also signed on with Robert Vesco, who paid him $10,000 a month for six months during 1972 and 1973. Allen shared office space with Vesco's attorney. Allen's job was to set up a regulation-free financial zone in the Azores with Vesco's money. The job ended about the time Vesco fled the country to avoid facing charges of looting hundreds of millions from IOS, having taken it over after Allen's previous employer, John King, failed to capture it. In November 1972, Allen testified before the Securities and Exchange Commission in the Vesco investigation that he was "not cognizant of the business activities of nor . . . in any way familiar with" IOS. His previous experience with King never came up.

SINCE 1973, Allen has had a variety of international and domestic clients, whom he declines to identify. Several of them have been Japanese, including Nissan Motors, makers of Datsun, which says it pays him about $100,000 a year to look after its interests in Washington. He has not registered as a foreign agent for any client since the Portuguese consortium in 1973 and 1974. He says that no other accounts have involved representing the views of foreign interests to American officials, though he has made appointments for foreign executives with American policy-makers and has attended those meetings.

The *Wall Street Journal* articles raised questions about Allen's relationships with various Japanese enterprises. In 1970, while Allen was between government jobs but a member of the President's Commission on International Trade, he wrote a series of letters to a Japanese business consultant bragging about the rise of protectionist sentiment in the United States, suggesting the need for a high-powered Japanese lobbying effort in Washington, and recommending a friend of his to run such a campaign. Later, while Allen was back at the White House helping run the office that was developing and executing trade policy, the friend got a $120,000-a-year consulting contract with Nissan. In February 1973, six months after leaving his government salary a second time, Allen wrote to his friend, David Fleming, demanding half the fee "inasmuch as your introductions to Japan were arranged by me." Fleming refused after a lawyer advised that such a payment would be illegal because Allen was working for the government when the contract was negotiated. Nissan later dropped Fleming and, through a subsidiary, hired Allen as a Washington consultant.

After these facts were published in the *Journal*, Allen asserted that the service for which he was demanding $60,000 a year was accompanying Fleming on a trip to Japan in March 1971. He said his usefulness to Fleming had nothing to do with his past or future government posts or his membership at the time on the president's commission. He has also been quoted as asserting that the commission was a minor advisory affair, and not secret. This, however, certainly isn't the impression that Allen tried very hard to give his Japanese contact, Tamotsu Takase. On November 17, 1970, for example, Allen wrote to Takase:

> Unlike some of the other Presidential commissions, this one meets in complete secrecy, and does not hold public hearings. All sessions are completely insulated from the press and no Commissioner may discuss with the press the matters before the Commission. In these two-day sessions, we work a total of about 20 hours, from early morning, through lunch and dinner, late into the evening. If past experience is any guide, the recommendations which our Commission makes will be translated into the actual legislative recommendations which the Administration will submit to Congress . . . for United States trade and investment policy for the period of the next 10 to 20 years.

Allen went on: "You will understand that I am not at liberty to disclose to you certain details concerning our work; the constraints of secrecy prohibit such disclosures." But then he disclosed much. He reported that protectionist elements were threatening the "free trade policies" that are "of mutual interest to you and me." He included an example of a protectionist statement given to the commission, warning, "please see that it is treated with confidence in your circle of acquaintances," a circle that included the Japanese prime minister and other high officials. After this was reported in the *Wall Street Journal*, Allen was quoted telling other newspapers that he had asked the author's permission to share his statement with the Japanese. But Allen's letter to Takase says, "Of course, I did not identify you by name, nor did I mention your nationality." On other occasions in late 1970, Allen sent Takase a specific proposal to restrict trade with Japan and a copy of a commission agenda.

Allen's November 17 letter says, "What if it comes to a serious issue on, say, automobile imports, electronics or other important Japanese exports?" To avoid such a development, Allen recommended that the Japanese hire Mr. Fleming, who had "assembled and ready to move one of the most effective teams I have ever seen," and "can operate with both political parties." Allen enclosed the resumes of Fleming and three others, and added that he "had the opportunity to work with him [Fleming] while I was at the White House." Allen assured Takase, "I offer these observations from the perspective of one who is associated in a substantial way with this administration." A few months later, in March 1971, Fleming and Allen went to Japan together.

In an interview with two *Wall Street Journal* reporters six days before the *Journal* story appeared, Allen was asked about business dealings with Fleming. At first he stated categorically, "I never had any dealings with him, except that he was a friend." Then Allen was shown copies of letters describing various dealings with Fleming, including the letter demanding half of Fleming's fee from Datsun. This time Allen responded, "Yes, of course I've had dealings with David Fleming. He was a man I at one time had considerations of

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going into business with."

Allen also at first flatly denied having had any dealings with Takase until 1973, when Allen had left the White House for good. Shown one of the 1970 letters to Takase, Allen said that Takase at that time was "not a business associate. I'm pointing out [in the letter] what the trade situation is." Wasn't he also promoting a business deal? "Not at all," Allen asserted. Shown other letters he wrote at about the same time, however, making clear that he was promoting a deal involving Takase, Fleming, and others, Allen changed his story. "At that time it was not entirely unlikely that I would have left what I was doing and set up a consulting business in Washington," he said. "Of course I was interested in trade. This obviously is a straightforward proposal of an idea."

Then, in rebutting the *Journal* article in the press, Allen apparently changed his story again. According to newspaper accounts, he now insists that it was his trip to Japan with Fleming, not the letters or anything else, to which he was referring when he demanded payment for helping Fleming make contact with the Japanese. (Fleming says his Datsun contract didn't result from the letters or the trip, but from contacts he made later.) At any rate, Allen's dunning letter to Fleming, and Fleming's reply, don't mention any such trip.

Another murky episode involving Allen concerned a 1972 campaign by Grumman Corporation to sell an advanced reconnaissance plane to the Japanese government. According to Thomas Cheatham, then in charge of Grumman's international sales subsidiary and now a Washington business consultant, Allen, then in his second stint with the Nixon administration, asked Grumman to supply corporate planes for the US visits by Allen's friend Tamotsu Takase, and Grumman did so. Within a week of leaving the White House in August 1972, Allen was visiting Grumman's headquarters, huddling with Grumman's chairman, and gaining access to highly classified areas. The sale was eventually settled on, with President Nixon supporting it. Though Grumman says it didn't pay Allen a fee in the deal, Allen's associate, Takase, was highly involved in the Japanese end of it, and his name has figured in investigations of illegal payments in connection with American plane sales to the Japanese. Takase hasn't been charged, though the investigation has produced at least one conviction, and Takase's friend, former prime minister Tanaka, is now on trial in a case involving Lockheed Corporation, another of Allen's clients. A Tokyo trade company executive suspected of passing Grumman money as bribes in the reconnaissance plane deal has committed suicide.

Cheatham, the former Grumman official, also alleges that Allen, after a White House meeting about the plane sale, asked him for a one million dollar contribution to Nixon's 1972 reelection campaign. At a 1976 Senate hearing, Cheatham told this story under oath and Allen denied it under oath. Former Watergate special prosecutor Charles Ruff says his office investigated, but he won't say more. No report was ever filed and Allen says he was never even interviewed. Two people—Nathaniel Kern, a business consultant, and Jay McMullen, a CBS producer—have said that Grumman officials complained to them about being shaken down for a campaign contribution shortly after the incident allegedly happened. Former colleagues say that Allen, like almost everyone else at the Nixon White House, was involved in reelection matters, and Allen's brother was in charge of fundraising for Nixon in 13 states. Allen has testified under oath that he never discussed political contributions with anyone while he worked for Nixon.

Another private enterprise Allen entered into carries no question of illegality, though many might find it distasteful. That is his $60,000-a-year-plus-expenses contract as a propagandist (the term applicable by law in his Foreign Agents Registration Act filing statement) for continued Portuguese rule in Angola and Mozambique. Among other services, Allen arranged for a 1974 all-expenses-paid junket for Representative Philip Crane and his wife. Crane said afterward, "This visit has opened my eyes. . . . Everybody here is working for the good of the African population and I am convinced that the potential for the future is enormous." In April 1974 the right-wing dictatorship in Portugal was ousted in a revolution. The Portuguese pulled out of their African colonies. Allen's contract ended and his foreign agent registration lapsed.

HAVING FAILED to *prevent* the independence of Angola and Mozambique, Allen then began advocating the cause of a group of wealthy businessmen in the Azores who wanted to *achieve* independence from the new left-wing Portuguese government. Allen acknowledged in his October 22 interview his eagerness back in 1975 to start a business empire in an independent Azores. Allen arranged meetings for the separatists at the State Department, wrote a long letter to Secretary of State Kissinger, spoke at a rally for Azorean-Americans, and made several trips to the Azores, at least one at the expense of the independence movement. All this ran counter to the policy of the Ford administration, which was to encourage a unified Portugal under moderate leadership; this is exactly what has evolved. Despite Allen's efforts, the independence movement in the Azores collapsed in 1976.

Whether what is known about Richard Allen is enough to disqualify him from a high post in the Reagan administration, or at least enough to require further explanation before he is given such a post, depends on the standard Ronald Reagan wishes to apply. If his standard is that anything short of proven criminality is OK, Allen may well be in the clear. But if he wants it clear that his officials have a vivid sense of the difference between the national interest and personal enrichment, and if he wants foreign governments to have confidence in his national security aides, he may want to ask Allen a few more questions.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Look Back at Anger

Seeing Martin Scorsese's new film is like visiting a human zoo. That's certainly not to say that it's dull: good zoos are not dull. But the life we watch is stripped to elemental drives, with just enough décor of complexity—especially the heraldry of Catholicism—to underscore how elemental it basically is.

Scorsese specializes in the primitive aspects of urban life, with an emphasis on the colors and conflicts of Italian-Americans. American films have developed a latter-day line in this vein: *Rocky*, both *I* and *II*, which twined Movieland braids around its primitivism, and *The Godfather*, also *I* and *II*, which aggrandized a family's bestiality into a saga. (There was also the sentimental cartooning of *Fatso*.) Most Italian-Americans may very understandably be tired of this canted concentration on gutter and crime, but they had better brace themselves: because here it is again and—which may irritate them further—done better than ever, done excellently. Scorsese has filmed the life of the boxer Jake La Motta, his rises and falls and eventual retirement, and this time Scorsese's work is purged of heavy symbolism, of film-school display, of facile portent. His directing is imaginative but controlled; egregious mannerisms have coalesced and evolved into a strong style. Some of *Raging Bull* is shocking, but all of it is irresistible.

The screenplay, based on a ghosted autobiography, was written by Paul Schrader and Mardik Martin, both of whom have worked with Scorsese before. La Motta is played by Robert De Niro, another Scorsese veteran, and obviously the whole enterprise was built around him. Previously De Niro played demented animalistic characters for Scorsese in *Mean Streets*, written by Scorsese and Martin, and *Taxi Driver*, written by Schrader. Here they have found the best beast for De Niro in La Motta, best because free of patent psychopathy, a "normal" man capable of overpowering fury but still answerable to some social canons and therefore accessible to pathos rather than to clinical category.

They have also constructed the film—probably with fidelity to La Motta's life but who cares?—so that the boxing ring, which occupies a lot of screen time, is almost indistinguishable in temper from much of the man's personal life. De Niro's La Motta is a fount of rage, a man who lives by rage or the threat of it or the tension of controlling it, a man in whom quiet means the absence of rage, but a man who has the cunning of an animal and enough capability for guilt—inculcated by family ties and implicit religion—to give him moments of remorse for his rage. All of these qualities except the last are present both in the living room and the ring; and the key achievement of the picture is that the four makers, director and writers and star, have made this zoo creature unfailingly gripping.

Partly this is because they were clever enough to start in the "present," 1964, long after La Motta has retired from boxing, then go back for the events leading up to this point. Thus the first La Motta we see is middle-aged and fat—De Niro put on a well-publicized 50 pounds for these sequences—in a dinner-jacket, rehearsing a humorous poem for a nightclub appearance. And thus we know all through the picture that he survived and in some ways grew, because there isn't much humor or humanity in him until the fighting stops. Throughout most of the story La Motta seems to have as simple a set of motives as one could have and stay out of a real zoo. He wants to hit and to screw—to *own* a woman more than to screw, apparently—and he wants peer approval by winning the middleweight championship more than he wants to fulfill any ideal of being champ. That opening glimpse helps the bulk of the picture.

But it would hold anyway, because of De Niro. Behind his false nose, he assaults us with force, engulfing force so sheer that it achieves a kind of aesthetic stature. Whatever subtlety is in the performance comes from De Niro rather than the role. For instance, his use of his body. In the otherwise barren film of *The Last Tycoon*, De Niro gave Monroe Stahr kinetic patterns that completely expressed a man whose body was of little concern to him, whose center was in his mind and his secrets, a man who was almost reluctantly attended by his body. La Motta of course lives through his body. De Niro expresses it immediately and exquisitely—an utterly apt word.

Even more cheering is Scorsese's growth. Little Italy, the ceaseless conflict between the support and the restrictions of Catholicism, the alliances and counteralliances of family and of the Mafia are still his home ground. He tells us in the sequence under the opening credits that he is dealing with provenance and struggle: while La Motta—in slow motion—prances around a ring in a robe, warming up, the sound-track lays on the "Intermezzo" from *Cavalleria Rusticana*. It's a splendid *fixing* of the film.

Contradictorily Scorsese has both purged and complicated his filmmak-

Films Worth Seeing

Every Man for Himself. Godard is back, not very much changed—which in a discomfiting way is a relief.

From the Life of the Marionettes. Ingmar Bergman, now in Germany, grappling once more with the ultimately inexplicable mysteries of behavior. Not his best film, still a work possible only to genius.

Kagemusha. Akira Kurosawa in the wars of 16th-century Japan. As above, not his best film, still a work possible only to genius.

Resurrection. Fine American acting in a floppy script about a woman who suddenly acquires healing powers.

SK

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ing. *Taxi Driver* was better made than *Mean Streets* (I'm ignoring his films out of this vein) and *Raging Bull* is a huge leap. He is still avid to move film all the time, eager to energize his screen, but instead of his former frantic cutting from long shots to closeups and back, with some reverse shots thrown in, he now more subtly cuts to shots in which the camera is already moving forward slowly. In the fight sequences, he sometimes creates the effect of putting the camera in a glove, inside a battered head, and he always keeps prime the feeling of complete physical collision. (Some of the fight shots are horrible, but they're not out of place.) He has solved the visual problem of showing many fights; sometimes he varies with slow motion, sometimes with a series of stills, sometimes with isolated successive frames like the ones of astronauts on the moon. Never does he let us anticipate wearily that there are more fights to come; he never lets the matter get near tedium, and he never uses trickery that distracts. These sequences are legitimate and interesting variations, like a good composer's variations on a theme.

There are some bumps in the story line, and they may be connected with Scorsese's filmmaking process rather than the script. For instance, La Motta throws a fight for the mob and gets into trouble with ring authorities; his subsequent reinstatement is badly skimped. Later we see him at his expensive Miami home and the nightclub he owns, yet moments later, when he needs $10,000 bail, he can't raise it. Scorsese fell so in love with the making of this film, I think, with the actual shooting of scenes and sequences—such fine small touches as a scene with an Irish gambler at a bar, with a sports official in a tunnel under a stadium—that he found himself with more of a jigsaw to assemble in the editing room than do most directors. What holds this picture together more than its story line is its stylistic consistency, and style here means more than cinematic syntax, it means fire and personality. I've a hunch, too, that the result owes a great deal to its editor, Thelma Schoonmaker, that she found ways to fuse the fiery particles into a flow and to make a viable organism out of what may have been digressions and lingerings in the shooting.

But one laurel that must rest on Scorsese's head alone is praise for the acting—that is, for the casting and for the guidance of the actors. Many scenes are played in a very low key, not as patent Paul-Muni preparations for outbursts but to draw us into privacies, to take us beneath the skin. The timing of the dialogue is excellent: note the meeting between La Motta and his future (second) wife. Or a later scene when she urges him to telephone his brother and make up a quarrel. They are standing together silently after a boxing match. After a moment she suggests the call; another pause; she suggests it again. De Niro doubtless could have felt the timing on his own, but Cathy Moriarty, who had never acted before, must have needed help. Some of it, I'm sure, came from De Niro (people who have worked with him have talked about his generosity), but as this and the other performances show, there must have been real help from Scorsese.

Moriarty is physically perfect for the part and conveys the precise sense of a girl who is sufficiently bright to know that being petted and desired isn't enough. As La Motta's brother, Joe Pesci is perfect: feisty, street-honorable, glumly humorous. The many, many fast exchanges between the brothers sound to me like improvisations based on a script—sharp pickups, repetitions and overlaps, quiet and loud amazements. (From first line of the film to last, the language is as it ought to be—vile.) And all the Mafia figures, who are not explicitly called such, are lushly handsome and have voices like top-grade olive oil.

Inevitably De Niro's role has covert reminders of Brando, plus two overt ones. After the worst battle between husband and wife, she begins to pack, preparing to leave. Subdued now, La Motta appeals to her, mostly with body language, and they embrace, like Stanley and Stella in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. And just before the end, the obese La Motta, rehearsing his act in a nightclub dressing room, does Brando's "I coulda been a contender" speech from *On the Waterfront*. Of course it's not as good as Brando—it couldn't be, De Niro is playing La Motta playing Brando—but it's a nice goodbye wink at the audience.

I have to hope that De Niro will make more films with other directors: though he and Scorsese clearly work well together, they stay within a relatively narrow spectrum, and the limits are demonstrably Scorsese's, not De Niro's. But within these limits, *Raging Bull* is electrifying and rich.

Except for a flash of color in the credits and some color "home movies" used as a bridge, the film is in black and white, shot by Michael Chapman with plenty of evocative shadows, except for the ring which is drenched in scary glare. Some verses from John IX, 24-26, are appended at the end, but I don't grasp their relevance. More, I think it may be misguided to try to crystallize what the film is "about." Attempts have already been made to explain La Motta's character as reactive to the Italian-American atmosphere, but the script wouldn't have to be much different fundamentally if the protagonist were a black or an Irish Catholic or a Jew. La Motta is to be taken as given, a chunk of temperament like a character in a medieval morality play.

Finally *Raging Bull* is "about" what we see and hear, elevating its rather familiar materials through conviction and the gush of life. After the socio-psychological explanations have limped on, this film, like some (though not most) good art works, is finally "about" the fact that it incontrovertibly exists and, by existing, moves us.

Robert Brustein on theater

A Passion for the Familiar

It is odd how the human animal uses the past as a defense against the present. We all resent being defined by others according to preconceived assumptions, yet we can't seem to resist pigeonholing, trademarking, and freezing everyone else. Although the essence of art lies in its freshness and spontaneity, in the theater, at least, what satisfies critics and audiences most is the art they are already familiar with. How often are playwrights rebuked for failing to repeat an earlier success; how often are directors chided for unconventional interpretations of well-known plays? Diaghilev asked to be surprised; most of us prefer to be reinforced.

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Our passion for the familiar accounts, I think, for the iron grip of realism on the throat of the commercial stage. Realism usually shows us our *semblables* and *frères* performing quotidian acts in a recognizable manner. It is consoling somehow to watch contemporary characters, very much like ourselves, in the act of falling in love or quarreling with their parents/children or resolving their personal problems or eating hot meals at the kitchen table. Only the very greatest writers—Ibsen, Chekhov, Joyce, and a few others—have been able to endow realism with a personal style or transcendent theme. In most cases it represents the surrender of the artist to the inertia of the audience. In a recent article, Hilton Kramer writes that experimental art is currently the new conventionalism of American culture; in the theater, I find his conclusions premature. Most people are still as resentful of the unexpected, and as protective of the familiar, as when the first artist violated the first tradition.

How else does one explain the praise being lavished on such an intolerably mundane play as Hugh Leonard's *A Life* (Morosco Theater)? An Irishman, Mr. Leonard is currently being hailed (is it because he can frame an English sentence?) as the heir of O'Casey, Synge, and Bernard Shaw. His family links are much closer to James M. Barrie and Terrence Rattigan. As for his dialogue, it is mostly soap talk. *A Life* is a TV munchie, one of those easily chewable, digestible domestic dramas about the Scrooge-like character who must learn the virtues of love and compassion.

Mr. Leonard tends to write about unforgettable characters you'd prefer to forget. This one—the "life" of the title—is a tight-lipped, sour civil servant named Desmond Drumm whose one claim on our attention, apart from his epigrammatic speech, is that he is suffering from incurable stomach cancer. We learn this slowly (too slowly) in the evening through a system of clumsy flashbacks which show us a brittle, moralistic young man growing into brittle, moralistic middle age—sacrificing his one opportunity for romance, mistreating his simple, loving wife, and insulting his last two friends. What technique there is in this crudely constructed work has been borrowed from *Death of a Salesman*, and, like Willy Loman, Desmond Drumm has to enter his past in order to make discoveries about his present relationships. While the older actors freeze into various attitudes of glum blankness, awaiting their cues, their younger selves engage in climactic scenes over the kitchen table, enacting such momentous things as the unhappiness a girl experiences when her father discovers she has been necking and the contempt Drumm expresses toward all those who do not share his opinions. Partly by watching his own flashbacks, Drumm eventually learns what he should have known from all those other plays that have been written on the same theme—that his rigid principles have prevented him from feeling and expressing love.

I suspect the "language" of the play has been singled out for praise because of Drumm's habit of speaking in balanced sentences—a rhetorical device that traditionally has passed for poetry on the stage. "I've always had a passion for language," Drumm tells us, "the pleasure of minting a sentence that's all my own." But his "minting" process usually produces counterfeit coins, remarkable more for their self-consciousness than for their content. "Debit and credit," he says typically, describing one of his relationships, "if the account is to be closed, I can bear it, but show me the figures. A man has rights. If he is solvent, tell him." The consistency of the metaphor is maintained at the cost of a certain emotional barrenness which the character shares with the play. It's hard to express true feelings when you're so busy polishing your phrases.

Drumm has a more lively time with his friendly rival, Kearns, the amiable, ignorant, bibulous idler who marries his former girl friend. There is a bit of Joxer-Boyle energy in the quarrels between the two men—as played by Roy Dotrice (Drumm) with pursed-mouth malice and Pat Hingle (Kearns) with good-natured tolerance. But the relationship is already familiar from *Death of a Salesman* (Willie and Charlie), if not from the comic squabbles between Art Carney and Jackie Gleason on "The Honeymooners." The remarkable thing is how this insignificant series of domestic encounters can pass for a full-length play. Aside from a few perfunctory references to De Valera, there is nothing in the evening to establish its social and political environment, and nothing, aside from the Irish setting, to bring the audience beyond what it already knows. Even the design is little more than a variation on our own apartments, which may be why the set was applauded at the beginning of both acts, though nothing about it had changed. *A Life* remains safely within the borders of what is already known, a triumph of the familiar, a tribute to the complacent requirements of a vacuous time.

André Serban's production of *The Sea Gull* at the Public Theater is not familiar. In fact, it is so unlike anything yet conceived by this gifted director that some people have dismissed it out of hand. What the theater public now expects from Serban is a conspicuously experimental approach to each play he directs. *The Sea Gull* is, indeed, a Serban

THE DROWNED MAN

We open our eyes and the world is light,
a radiance that opens our eyes.
As each of us has dreamed it,
so is it now in the sight of all
—cordial and plain and total.
Why waken here if not in greeting
to the embassy of everything?
Dreaming, I knew it would be so, but not
how like my dream, how truly known, how glowing.

A consciousness gone, a radiance lost.
The world is diminished by a world.
The embassy has tarried on the way.
The common light appears, displaced and dazed,
verbless, unresponsive, a stranger
who has closed his eyes—and if he dreams
our sweet breath after swimming and then
our little sleep, will never say; and we,
like the light, enfeebled, cannot wake him or speak.

Irving Feldman

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experiment—but only insofar as it shows him working in an uncharacteristic manner: exhuming the text, moment by moment, for what is buried in its interior. To my mind, Serban's production of *The Sea Gull* represents another advance for this restless artist—a genuinely distinguished effort, marred only by certain weaknesses in the cast.

Serban has abstracted the play in order to exhume its essential metaphors. Michael Yeargan's exquisite setting is built out of highly polished blond pine wood, the central structure being an arching Japanese bridge. Dressed with decaying wicker furniture and aging Persian rugs, the interiors and the exteriors are virtually indistinguishable; by the fourth act, the back of the set has disappeared entirely. The object is to strip away everything extraneous from the physical design as everything irrelevant has been stripped from the text. Costumes and props, even the actors' gestures, function for a specific purpose—not to establish an atmosphere of external reality, but rather to exteriorize the internal workings of the characters and their relationships. The mournful, self-pitying Masha carries with her a long piece of white muslin—the life she trails behind her "like an endless train"—which she tears to pieces as she describes her hopeless love for Treplev. Medvedenko bites savagely into an apple as he listens to Sorin and Dorn discussing the drinking habits of the woman he loves. Shamrayev, a loutish bully, grabs the hands of the ladies of the house and kisses them as if they were pieces of raw animal flesh.

Most of the acting—not all—shares the same cogency. I do not think the young people Serban has chosen to play Treplev and Nina are sufficiently experienced for these difficult roles—the one is hampered by his use of twangy head tones, the other is currently about 10 years away from realizing the emotional depths of the final act. Similarly, the actress playing Polina seems like a refugee from "General Hospital," while Dorn is performed with resonant Howard da Silva vocal flourishes which, though powerful, are not the speech patterns of a modest, self-effacing doctor. Still, at least three of the performances are memorable: Rosemary Harris, majestic and mischievous, makes a lovely Arkadina; Pamela Payton-Wright brings both anguish and humor to Masha; and Christopher Walken as Trigorin advances his standing as one of our most electrifying young actors. I am not certain that Walken is ideally cast in this role—he plays it less like a writer than a painter, with his black slouch hat, rolled trousers, and febrile bohemianism—but he is thoroughly convincing in the way he establishes Trigorin as the erotic center of the play. Hooded, mysterious, self-absorbed—resorting to written notes even when he has to recall the most recent events—Walken builds Trigorin out of a mosaic of exquisite detail, the only problem being that he may have provided this shallow character with too much depth. At the end of the play, when he recognizes what has happened to Treplev merely by hearing Dorn pronounce his name, he shows us that *The Sea Gull* is Trigorin's tragedy as well as Arkadina's. Through these fine performances, and through Serban's meticulous direction, a very familiar play has emerged in a very fresh way, reviving our flagging faith that the stage still has the capacity to astonish.

E Pluribus Unum

Harvard Encyclopedia of American Ethnic Groups
Stephan Thernstrom, editor; Ann Orlov, managing editor; Oscar Handlin, consulting editor

(The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press; $49.50 until December 31, 1980, $60 thereafter)

"What then is the American, this new man?" asked St. John de Crèvecoeur in 1782, and then he went on to give his reply.

> He is either a European or the descendant of a European, hence that strange mixture of blood, which you will find in no other country. I could point out to you a family whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a French woman, and whose present four sons have four wives of different nations. *He* is an American. . . . Here individuals are melted into a new race of men, whose labours and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world.

In 1908 the Anglo-Jewish playwright Israel Zangwill provided, or at any rate popularized, a term for this ideal with his play about immigrants in America, *The Melting Pot*. "That's a great play, Mr. Zangwill," shouted Theodore Roosevelt, an ardent American à la Crèvecoeur, at the Washington opening, "that's a great play."

But an opposing ideal already was emerging by then. After all, Crèvecoeur's formula had not included Indians or blacks, nor did it foresee the other non-European groups that would arrive subsequently. And as for Zangwill, he soon found that his drama of a young Jew marrying the daughter of a Russian anti-Semite was not so popular among his co-religionists. "The Jewish pulpits of America," he wrote, "have resounded with denunciation of its supposed solution of the Jewish problem by dissolution." This was ironic, since Zangwill was a Zionist (albeit of a most complex and ambivalent sort), and it was in particular Zionists like Rabbi Judah L. Magnes and the philosopher Horace M. Kallen who were beginning to expound a vision of America as a kind of federation of nationalities. "Its form," Kallen wrote in the *Nation* in 1915,

> would be that of the federal republic; its substance a democracy of nationalities, cooperating voluntarily and autonomously through common institutions in the enterprise of self-realization through the perfection of men according to their kind. The common language of the commonwealth, the language of its great tradition, would be English, but each nationality would have for its emotional and involuntary life its own peculiar dialect or speech, its own individual and inevitable esthetic and intellectual forms.

A new American pluralism had thus been adumbrated; the old federal motto *e pluribus unum* was changing its meaning. "In 1782 when the motto was adopted," the editors of the *Harvard Encyclopedia of American Ethnic Groups* tell us in their introduction, "it referred to the union forged from thirteen separate colonies; subsequently it has come to suggest the ties that bind the remarkable array of diverse peoples who have

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settled here." Indeed, by our own time it has turned from Horace Kallen's exhortation into a simple statement of fact. "The point about the melting pot," wrote Nathan Glazer and Daniel Patrick Moynihan in 1963, "is that it did not happen." Since the publication that year of their pioneering study, *Beyond the Melting Pot*, the subject of ethnicity in America has become an academic industry. As such, it now has a literature filled with problems, controversy, and ambivalence, but nothing has arisen to contest that plain and unequivocal statement.

It is appropriate, then, that the *Harvard Encyclopedia of American Ethnic Groups* comes forth as a kind of *summa ethnica* for our time. Six years of work, a staff of 19 editors and assistants, and a total of 121 contributors have produced a quarto volume of 1,076 two-column pages (including appendixes) that contains entries on every American ethnic group most of us are likely to think of, from Acadians to Zoroastrians, Chinese to Welsh, Copts to Ukrainians, and Frisians to Tri-Racial Isolates. The articles range in length from a single paragraph (e.g., for "Nordic" and for "Teutonic") to nearly 56 pages—some 40,000 words, or the length of a small book—for "American Indians" (in which every major division, nation, or tribe is given a separate entry). The exhaustive factuality of the articles ranges from concise and authoritative retellings of things well known to obscure but often interesting and even significant points of information. Can you name as many as six German immigrant authors who wrote novels about America in their mother tongue? Did you know that Brooklyn, with a Norwegian population of 40,000, has been called the fourth-largest Norwegian city in the world? Or that there is a popular Gypsy version, sung in Romani, of "If I Were a Rich Man" (*Te barwalo simas-me*)? All this can be learned from the *Harvard Encyclopedia of American Ethnic Groups*.

"THE NEW ADMINISTRATION is readying plans to rehabilitate the swarms of bureaucrats and politicians who will become unemployed in January. 'These people *can* be helped,' a spokesman insisted. 'With love and patience, many of them can be taught to perform simple, useful work, and can lead fairly normal lives.'"

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In addition to the entries for the various ethnic groups, 106 in all (plus a few additional definitions), there also are 29 "Thematic Essays," on such subjects as "American Identity and Americanization," "Folklore," "Labor," "Literature and Ethnicity," "Pluralism: A Humanistic Perspective," and "Pluralism: A Political Perspective," as well as three essays on prejudice. Along with the editors' introduction, these essays provide not only supplementary material to the ethnic group entries, but also the conceptual framework of the book.

And it must be said that this framework, as the editors and some of the contributors clearly know, is not without its problems. For example, getting to the most basic one, the editors state in their introduction: "An encyclopedia of American ethnic groups required a definition of an ethnic group, no simple matter because there is as yet no consensus about the precise meaning of ethnicity." This had not been anything to worry about in the days of Horace M. Kallen, or of Louis Adamic, that great celebrator of American immigrant diversity, who is quoted by the editors as having envisioned back in the 1930s a "great Encyclopedia of the Population of the United States, from the Indians down to the latest immigrant group"—a formulation enviably loose in its terminology. Indeed, as William Petersen observes in his fine contribution to this volume, "Concepts of Ethnicity," an "impressionistic account of how one ethnic sector is set off from others can be more accurate than one based on sharp divisions." Nevertheless, he goes on, in law and demography—and, one might add, in an ethnic encyclopedia—"an absolute demarcation is almost inescapable. If members of certain minorities are given preferential access to colleges and jobs through 'affirmative action,' precise criteria for eligibility are necessary."

The editors, caught on the horns of this dilemma, eschew any general definition of what constitutes an ethnic group, and provide instead a list of 14 features—e.g., common geographic origin, race, language or dialect, religion—some or all of which may, in varying degrees, characterize a group as an ethnic one. They grant that their criteria for selection were "necessarily flexible and pragmatic." Are the people of Appalachia an ethnic group? This book treats them as one. It also treats the Frisians separately from the Dutch, but it does not treat the Sicilians as a group apart from the Italians, or the Flemings apart from the Walloons—they reside together under "Belgians"—nor does it distinguish the various Ashkenazic and Sephardic Jewish groups from one another. On the other hand, some of the subdivisions are zealously arrived at. There are at least four categories, and parts of others, to cover blacks: "Afro-Americans" (an entry of 18 pages, one of the longest in the book), "West Indians," "Haitians," and "Africans," as well as "Creole," "Cape Verdeans," "Tri-Racial Isolates," and some of the separately listed Spanish-American groups.

There is yet another listed category that takes in blacks in part; but it also is one of the most prominent among the entries that raise questions concerning the book's conceptual framework: the entry is "Southerners." Is this an ethnic group? "If the ancestors of most present-day Southerners had had their way," John Shelton Reed begins his article,

> there would be no question of whether they should be treated as an American ethnic group. Southern whites remained —as Southern blacks became—Americans against their will, a fact that has a great deal to do with their persistence as an identifiable group.

Well, yes—but can't something roughly similar be said of Vermont or Texas, both of which started out as independent republics and retain distinct local chauvinisms to this day? Reed goes on to say that "the South has always received migrants from the rest of the country and turned many of them, and more of their children, into Southerners themselves"; but this, too, can be said of Vermont, Texas, or, for that matter, California, the southwest, New York City, or any part of the country that happens to have a special mystique. At what point does a strong regional identification become an ethnic one?

Professor Reed gives us a fleeting glimpse of the two coming together in the article on southerners, but the result is confusing. The defensive tone that pervades the article suggests that both author and editors realized how questionable its inclusion will seem to many readers. Why have they so eagerly sought an ethnic identification within a regional one? Only two other entries raise this question. One of them, "Appalachians," represents so special a case that any doubts about it are ultimately beside the point. But the other is perhaps the most provocative of all the

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entries in the book—and, at the same time, so interesting, readable, and (owing partly to its author's name) formidable that, while going through it, one can almost feel that the problem it poses simply does not matter. This is the article on "Yankees" by Oscar Handlin, who was consulting editor for the volume. Professor Handlin's essay—which, by the way, is one of several in the book on groups acknowledged to be no longer in existence—defines its subject thus: "Yankee is a term occasionally applied to citizens of the United States in general, but more particularly to residents of New England, and more particularly still to descendants of the 17th-century Puritan settlers." Stressing that these latter were a "distinctive, coherent group" even in diaspora, he writes that by 1850

> some Yankees had reached the Pacific coast in California and Oregon; and soon thereafter others pushed overland into Iowa, Kansas, and parts of Nebraska. Outside the South, the migrants long retained a sense of ethnic identity.

This cohesiveness began breaking down after the Civil War, however, with the rise of a "would-be Brahmin aristocracy" that "distinguished itself from the humbler Yankees." And finally, by the 1950s,

> in most parts of the country, under the impact of the civil rights movement, the group had blended into the general image of the WASP; and, as established religious and cultural institutions lost strength, the discipline they once imparted faded.

The general image of the WASP—this, then, is the outcome of a history of Yankee ethnicity (from the 17th century into the middle of the 20th) that the reader, perhaps skeptical at first, follows with growing conviction. But what exactly is the WASP, and where did he come from? The book, significantly, has not avoided the term completely, but has handled it gingerly nevertheless. There is no entry for it; that presumably would have been beneath the dignity of an encyclopedia of ethnic groups. But the concept is as inescapable as it is embarrassing. For it represents the indispensable *other*, the traditional, unhyphenated, "native" American against whom the ethnicity of this or that group ultimately is silhouetted—at least in the popular imagination (which is where it all begins). When we see the WASP in this sense, we generally have an adequate idea of what he is; but try to focus your eyes directly upon the concept, and the outlines vanish. WASPs are not an ethnic group at all, but a comprehensive survey of ethnicity in America somehow must take them into account; without them, there is an enormous hole in the center of the map. "Yankees" and "Southerners" at least help to fill it.

What is finally suggested by problematical entries like "Yankees," and "Southerners," and by the disturbing and ineffable presence of the WASP behind the scenes, is that there are, in the end, large areas of American history and society that cannot be taken in comfortably—if they can be taken in at all—by the concept of ethnicity. If the melting pot indeed did not happen—that is, if an enormous part of American society has not melted—it also did: for perhaps half of the American population, perhaps more, sees itself as unhyphenated. This need not necessarily have been a problem; the editors admit in their introduction that "one category of Americans is not included: those who identify themselves as 'plain' Americans. There is no entry for 'nonethnic' Americans, even though their number is undoubtedly large." The question of how large is then raised, and it is followed by a distinct though confusing attempt to minimize the validity as well as the scope of the phenomenon. There ought to be some way of taking in everybody. "Ethnicity" has its palpable limitations, but if it doesn't serve, what else is there?

Actually, there was another concept at hand, the one Adamic more or less had in mind: immigrations. Isn't this, after all, the true significance of "English" with respect to the colonial period at least, as well as of "Dutch," "French," "Scotch-Irish," "Germans," and other groups listed who have played their roles in American history but by now effectively have disappeared? Couldn't the book have presented itself as an encyclopedia of immigrant groups? Indeed, the editors mean this to be one way of looking at it; in the introduction they point out: "All Americans who are not themselves immigrants have ancestors who came from elsewhere." Exceptions come to mind, but they are dealt with in the next sentence: "In the case of the American Indians, the Eskimos, and the Aleuts, they came thousands of years ago." Well, yes, but this really won't do, since by such a criterion every

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nationality in Europe would have to be considered an immigrant population. Indeed, there would even be a problem about placing "English," in the 17th-century sense, under the same immigrant rubric as, say, "Serbs" or "Japanese." Wasn't John Winthrop our Aeneas, so to speak? A wandering people that reaches its promised land and founds a nation there is not an immigrant group in the same sense as are the peoples to whom it subsequently plays host.

These reflections call to mind what seems to me a problem in the conception and structure of the book, whether it be taken as a work on ethnic groups or one on immigrations. For its conventional encyclopedia format, with every entry listed alphabetically—whether that be "American Indian" or "Maltese," "Arab" or "Afro-American," "Assimilation and Pluralism" or "Health Beliefs and Practices," thematic essay or ethnic group entry—produces in the end a curious flattening-out effect, a rendering, let us say, of a complex piece of temporal-spatial geometry into a line drawing. It seems to me that there was a better way of accommodating this complexity: why couldn't the book have been divided into broad chronological sections, such as Pre-Colonial, Colonial, 1776-1815, 1815-1860, and so on? This approach would not only have placed the American Indians in a proper perspective without the forced logic of calling them immigrants, it also would have clarified many other issues. The difference between "English" in the colonial period and "English" in the 20th century, for example, would have taken on its full significance, and that part of American history into which "Scotch-Irish" came and then faded away would have been sharply delineated. Among the other results would have been, for example, a drawing of that distinction between "Italians" and "Sicilians" that the editors chose not to make in the present format, or of one between the overall character of Polish immigration in the era of Pulaski and Kosciuszko and that of the years since 1890.

In the case of the Jews, such a periodization would have improved the treatment significantly. Jewish history in America down to 1924 (the year of the Immigration Restriction Act) is by general agreement divided into three epochs: 1) that of the colonial and early republican periods, which was dominated by Sephardic Jews; 2) the years from about 1830 to about 1880, when the large-scale German immigration included a Jewish component that, by the end of the epoch, had become the majority and dominant group in American Jewry; and, 3) the years from 1882 to 1924—roughly corresponding to the "New Immigration" in general—when the vast influx of Yiddish-speaking Jews from Eastern Europe confronted and then gradually began to overwhelm the preceding dominant groups in size and in determining the overall character of American-Jewish life. Now, this really is a history of three different ethnic groups (or immigrant groups, if one prefers), and a division of the book into chronological sections would have brought this out with a clarity that is not present now.

The format I am suggesting presumably would have threatened or even violated the encyclopedia convention: Webster's specifies that the entries in an encyclopedia are usually arranged in alphabetical order. But perhaps something other than a conventional approach would have been appropriate for a field of study that still resists conventionality, that does not submit readily to the "sharp divisions" of science even though it has become the stuff of academic disciplines and tenured appointments. I fear, however, that the kind of eager conventionalizing to which academicians often are prone—at least 101 out of the 121 contributors are members of faculties—has beset this book in several ways and kept it from becoming something more than it is. This has manifested itself not only in ways I already have discussed, but also in an often narrowly positivistic approach to the material, as well as in a certain primness concerning all matters that might seem threatening either to the dignity of a group or to established liberal platitudes about it. The reader is thereby denied the satisfaction of finding many of the things for which he may have come to the book in the first place.

One can find no clearer demonstration of some of these problems than in the 18-page essay on "Afro-Americans" by Thomas C. Holt. Most of it, I hasten to point out, is irreproachable by any standard, and it does an especially good job on institutional and political history. However, there begins to be a hint of editorialization in the essay's curious negligence on the subject of the 19th-century African colonization movement, an episode too important to be excluded from an encyclopedia entry, even if it is embarrassing to many liberal historians (there is a very brief allusion to it, which is confusingly out of context and does not mention it by name). But a far greater letdown comes at the end, in an entirely different vein. Under a rubric that promises some cultural history—other than literature, which we already have had—and after an appropriate quotation from W. E. B. Du Bois, Holt writes that "Black Americans came bearing three gifts: the gift of story and song, the gift of sweat and brawn, and the gift of spirit." We now are prepared for a discussion of some of the most spectacular contributions any single group has made to American—and to world—culture in the 20th century, but we are doomed to disappointment. The next paragraph begins: "But these artistic, physical, and emotional contributions of Afro-Americans shared a common characteristic: they were not intellectual"; and there follows a discussion of the racism inherent in popular clichés about simple blacks who dance, sing, and clap their hands. An important point, of course, though perhaps not really necessary in an essay that already has given us such names as Du Bois, James Baldwin, Ralph Ellison, and Richard Wright. Then, to demonstrate purely intellectual achievement, we are given a list of black inventors: Norbert Rillieux and the vacuum-cup evaporation process, Jan E. Matzelinger and the shoe-lasting machine, and eight more. But we look in vain for names like Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, Fats Waller, Bill Robinson, Bessie Smith, Paul Robeson, or Joe Louis. Nor has there been a single mention of Negro spirituals. Where has propriety taken us?

Indeed, the contributions to this encyclopedia are, with few exceptions, notably weak in the area of popular culture (for want of a better term). Yet a significant part of the American ethnic consciousness—of the sense different groups have of themselves and each other—works precisely in this area, and began doing so long before our age of mass media. Even more neglected than the popular arts are some of the elements that popularize the lifestyle of the various groups, both to themselves and to others. There are few discus-

Coming:
Charles Michener on the Season's Photography Books.

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sions of food—indeed, it is not mentioned at all in the essay on the Jews, among whom the palate is one of the significant organs of ethnicity. There is disappointingly little about it in the "Chinese" and "Greeks" entries, for example, and even Humbert S. Nelli, in his essay on "Italians," does not give us as much as we might have wished for. He tells us nothing about the role of Italians in the development of the American wine industry, and he does not even stoop to mention the word "pizza" —but why not?

In short, the qualities of the *Harvard Encyclopedia of American Ethnic Groups* seem to fall on two sides of a line drawn by conventions and proprieties that are widespread in the academic world. Wherever the materials readily place themselves on the safe side of the line, the book is good and at times even superb: Edward H. Spicer's two essays on "American Indians" and "American Indians, Federal Policy Toward" are masterpieces of concise factual exposition. This also applies to many of the essays on groups that, unlike the Indians, either are quite small or have not had a major impact on American history and culture. But when the issues become complex and reach beyond the line, the book often either fails to keep up with them or seeks to cast over them a yoke of conventions that will not fit. In the end, this encyclopedia presents itself to us in the image of an astonishingly erudite professor who, for all his knowledge, does not have quite as much vision or poetry in him as we had hoped; and, alas, he cannot sing or dance at all.

Ronald Sanders

Ronald Sanders, former editor of *Midstream*, a monthly Jewish review, is the author of *The Downtown Jews* (Harper & Row), and the current *The Days Grow Short: The Life and Music of Kurt Weill* (Holt, Rinehart, & Winston).

Naughty But Nice

The Oxford Book of Satirical Verse edited by Geoffrey Grigson

(Oxford University Press; $22.50)

Like furtive sex, the excessive use of alcohol, living beyond one's means, and gross social rudeness in high places, satire is interesting because there's something naughty about it. No writer feels obligated to justify writing a short story or an essay or even a blistering political calumny, but the satirist in verse seems always to experience a twinge of guilt for directing poetry, normally the venue of the charitable and the lovely, to the work of denigrating rather than celebrating. Hence, for example, Alexander Pope's frequent insistence that satire, far from representing an overflow of personal animus, is really the emanation of a high-minded, indeed godly, impulse to Do Good. Satire, he asserts, is not just a needful weapon against folly and vice. It is actually sacred:

> O sacred weapon! left for truth's defense,
> Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
> To all but heav'n-directed hands denied,
> The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide.

For Pope, the satirist is so close to the moralist that it's hard to tell them apart. As he says, "All [must be] of God, that bless mankind, or mend."

But the satirist proceeds differently from the preacher, for he must not merely attack vice, he must be funny and fantastic about it. Hence the usefulness of verse in the operation. It is inherently comic to put a medium customarily associated with either noble matters or precious non-public moments to work ridiculing politicians, army officers, pompous bishops, bad writers, Tartuffes, and similar knaves. And there is comedy in the very act of taming the unruly emotion of contempt within strict, elegant verse forms.

This suggests one reason why there's so little good poetic satire around today. It seems to require known, conventional verse forms with a heavy reliance on rhyme and fairly predictable meters. It's hard to be pointed and memorable in the flaccid, sentimental free verse that we have elected as our medium. Even e e cummings, satirizing the army by singing of Olaf glad and big, falls into unaccustomed rhyme. When Olaf says, "I will not kiss your f.ing flag" (to rhyme with "rag"), "straightway the silver bird looked grave / (departing hurriedly to shave)." Sometimes even today the act of poetic satire generates wonderful rhymes. Try to read this, from James Fenton's and John Fuller's "Poem against Catholics," without laughing:

> When Sister Flanagan from Houston Texas
> Edited Baron Corvo for her Master's,
> She changed the pronouns to reverse the sexes
> As frills on chesterfields concealed their castors.

Reading through this new anthology of satiric poems, one notices something that points back to the derivation of the term "satire" from Latin *satura*, meaning a dish made of a great variety of ingredients, a wild stew. The satirist loves multiplicity and excess. He loves making inventories of the items he pours forth so profusely. "I've got a little list," he says. Sometimes his inventories are quite formal, like one offered by the 18th-century John Winstanley in "An

Marc Chagall, Max Ernst, Heinrich Mann, Victor Serge and André Breton were just a few of the prominent artists and intellectuals rescued by a small band of people who played cloak-and-dagger with the Gestapo and the government of Vichy France.

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DOUBLEDAY

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Inventory of the Furniture of a Collegian's Chamber":

A pair of tongs, bought from a broker,
A fender, and a rusty poker.
A penny-pot, and basin, this
Designed for water, that for piss.
A trencher, and a college bottle
Riding on Locke, or Aristotle.

Alexander Radcliffe likewise inventories the blights man was born for:

Man in his tedious course of life runs through
More plagues than all the land of Egypt knew.
Doctors, divines, grave disputations, puns,
Ill-looking citizens and scurvy duns;
Insipid squires, fat bishops, deans and chapters,
Enthusiasts, prophecies, new rants and raptures,
Pox, gout, catarrhs, old sores, cramps, rheums and aches;
Half-witted lords, double-chinned bawds with patches.

This tradition of profuse itemization runs all the way from Ben Jonson's listing the amazing variety of Lieutenant Shift's unpaid bills to D. J. Enright's listing of new crimes and new punishments in his recent "Since Then." Among new crimes are

violation of the Hay Pauncefote Treaty
extinction of the dodo
champerty and malversation
traveling by public transportation without a ticket
hypergamy and other unnatural practices
courting in bed
free verse
willful longevity,

which are punished by

death by haranguing
licking of envelopes
palpation of the obvious
invasion of the privacies
fistula in ano
hard labor down the minds,

together with

boredom of the genitals
trampling by white elephants
deprivation of forgetfulness
loss of pen-finger
. . . . . .
early closing
sequestration of the funny-bone
mortgage and deadlock

In the same way inventorying is a large part of the secret of Swift's "A Description of a City Shower," with its final lines listing all the varieties of ordure floating on the flood; and of his "The Place of the Damned":

Wherever the Damned do chiefly abound
Most certainly there is Hell to be found:
Damned poets, damned critics, damned blockheads, damned knaves,
Damned senators bribed, damned prostitute slaves;
Damned lawyers and judges, damned lords and damned squires,
Damned spies and informers, damned friends and damned liars.

Lavish listing is Pope's method in the superb lines ending the *Dunciad*, where "Art after art goes out, and all is night," as well as Belloc's in "Lines to a Don":

Remote and ineffectual Don
That dared attack my Chesterton.
. . . . . .
Don poor at bed and worse at table,
Don pinched, Don starved, Don miserable;
Don stuttering, Don with roving eyes,
Don nervous, Don of crudities.

Such are some of the pleasures available in this new Oxford book of 232 satiric poems and excerpts—and I still think excerpting a bad habit in these Oxford books—running from the 16th century to the present, from an anonymous bit explaining how God created the first Scot from a horse turd to Auden's mock-eulogy of "The Unknown Citizen" and Philip Larkin's ironic advice to the Judith Krantzes of this world in "Fiction and the Reading Public." Presiding is Geoffrey Grigson, the indefatigable British anthologist, who here does about a B-minus job. He knows what satire is, for he says in his preface, "Without the joke everything goes, and we may be left only with complaint, invective, or denunciation; all of which may be poetry, but of another kind." But he seems to ignore this principle when he selects: some of the poems he prints aren't satires at all because they're not funny. Instead they're invectives or pieces of earnest social and political criticism, like Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." Grigson has modernized spelling but not always punctuation. Thus he retains the exclamation marks—originally indicating rhetorical questions—in Swift's "The Day of Judgment," and so misleads the modern reader into imagining that Jove damns humanity when actually he refuses to interest himself at all in its vices and virtues, having more important things to do (like running the universe). "I damn such fools? Don't be ridiculous!"

Another defect of the book is Grigson's inordinate fondness for Byron, who is given one-tenth of the total space. As a satirist Byron is dilute, and

Kabbalah and Art

LÉO BRONSTEIN

"The author's knowledge of art and experience of it enables him to move with authority through the thickets of Kabbalistic concepts and Hasidic stories and brings them to bear upon the great iconographic familiars of Western art."—*Judaica Book News*

Léo Bronstein was historian of art and late Professor Emeritus in the Fine Arts and Near Eastern Civilization at Brandeis. His lifelong concern was the visual representation of the history of ideas. "He is particularly drawn to the works of 16th-century painter Dosso Dossi, various Buddhist artists, Paul Klee, 15th-century Giovanni di Paolo, and Edgar Degas . . . Bronstein's approach is dense, rhapsodic. As art criticism, the work is subjective, personal; as spiritual inquiry, it is most illuminating."—*Library Journal*

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Auden can beat him at his own game anytime. Grigson also fills in dashes originally designed to stand for names and thus protect poets against prosecution. This is all right as a principle, but applied unvaryingly, it sometimes deprives the reader of the pleasure of full illumination. In "MacFlecknoe" Dryden wanted us to read "Shadwell" when we came to "S_____," but in his depiction of dead books being carted away he wanted us to read something more:

> From dusty shops neglected authors come,
> Martyrs of pies, and relics of the bum.
> Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby there lay,
> But loads of S_____ almost choked the way.

Grigson spells out "Shadwell" there and spoils the jest.

Dryden's four lines are naughty, of course, but in their accuracy and economy beautiful as well. It's a sense of the strange alliance between critique and beauty that the reader will take away from this book. Here's Clive James's Audenesque scrutiny of the jazzy arrangements at the new Charles de Gaulle airport near Paris:

> The planes feed in a cluster, like a shoal
> Of mutant carp stuck nose to nose with glue
> Around a doughnut in whose abstract hole
> Aphasic humans escalating through
> Translucent pipelines linking zones to domes
> Seem pastel genes in giant chromosomes.

Paul Fussell

One Who Made a Break

A Life in Two Centuries by Bertram D. Wolfe

(Stein and Day; $24.95)

Of memoirs by ex-Communists, there is no lack. This book is largely the memoir of an ex-Communist. But he was no ordinary Communist or ex-Communist. As a Communist, he took part in some of the most extraordinary events in the history of the communist movements of the United States, Mexico, and Soviet Russia. As an ex-Communist, he went on to build a career of extraordinary achievement and influence in the very field on which he had turned his back politically. In the end, everything in his life came together and proved useful to him. He belonged to the first generation of American Communists and ex-Communists, and anyone who wishes to understand the dual phenomenon cannot do better than to read and reflect on this book.

The title derives from the idea that the 19th century really began in 1815 and ended for Europe in 1914 and for the United States in 1917. Bert Wolfe, as everyone who knew him called him, was born in 1896 and had reached the age of 21 in 1917. When he died in 1977, he had lived one quarter of his life in one century, as he saw it, and three-quarters in another. How he became a Communist belongs for the most part in the first period and what made him an ex-Communist in the second.

We are lucky to have his story because in some ways it is exemplary and no longer can be reproduced by a later generation. Wolfe came of German-Jewish stock. His father, an immigrant, was a horse-and-wagon peddler whose own education had stopped when he was 13. His mother, a native American whose parents were German "forty-eighters," chose the name Bertram from a novel she had read. Judaism was only superficially recognized at home. His father attended synagogue twice a year; to please his mother the son read from an English-Hebrew prayerbook every Saturday morning—in English. Brooklyn was the family's native habitat; Wolfe was born there, and lived there until he was 21. When the family moved from Williamsburg to east New York, they were the first Jews on the block. It was a Williamsburg where a horse and wagon still could be driven through a large hallway of an old tenement house to a backyard of stone and dirt or, in east New York on a loftier social scale, through a regular alleyway to a shed and stable in the rear of the house.

Underprivileged children of more recent immigrant families might take note of how this future historian was educated. He was the first in his family to go beyond elementary school. His real early education was made possible by one of Andrew Carnegie's free public libraries in the neighborhood. Without books at home, he was somehow imbued with a lifelong love of books. He worked right through elementary and high schools as well as college—newsboy, messenger boy, candy salesman, private tutor, post-office clerk. Yet he had one advantage that survives in the memory of an older generation—he attended Boys' High School in Brooklyn, one of the truly exemplary public institutions, the intellectual incubator of countless bright and ambitious Brooklyn boys, now the same school in name only.

The next step was almost inevitable in those days—to the College of the City of New York, then in its prime. Wolfe entered in 1912, the same year that the legendary Morris Raphael Cohen received his appointment as associate professor of philosophy. City College teachers in that era did not merely teach; they thought of themselves as missionaries from the outer world sent to civilize or at least Americanize the more promising children of mainly Eastern European immigrants. Wolfe's account of his formative years touched me all the more because I went exactly the same route a decade and a half later, by which time not much had changed.

After graduating from City College, Wolfe returned to Boys' High School as a substitute teacher of English. Then, when he was 21, his political education began. It was 1917, just before the entrance of the United States into World War I. He was virtually forced out of school and job because he refused to sign a "loyalty pledge." Pacifism, then, was his first political attachment. Already the intellectual activist, he founded and edited a little journal, *Facts: The People's Peace Paper*, which managed to appear six times before it fell victim to the wartime Espionage Act. While putting out *Facts*, he joined the Socialist party, more because it appealed to him as anti-war than because he knew much about socialism. In this way the war quickly drew him into a state of political engagement which varied in later years but from which he never withdrew.

Wolfe had from the first the makings of a political intellectual. In this first phase, however, he went much further

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and almost immediately made himself into a revolutionary intellectual politician. In only two years, between 1917 and 1919, he moved from being a pacifist neophyte in the Socialist party to becoming a founding father of the Communist party. Socialist officials quickly discovered him and made him publicity director of the Rand School of Social Science in New York City and soon a member of county and city committees. He spent a year in law school to prepare himself for running for office on the Socialist ticket, then capable of electing 10 assemblymen from Greater New York. But the "left wing," influenced by the Bolshevik revolution, held out even greater charms and rewards. By the middle of 1919, at the age of 23, Wolfe was writing the left-wing "Manifesto" with John Reed and Louis Fraina, the latter better known as Lewis Corey. When the Communist movement was founded later that year, Wolfe was made the effective editor of the *Communist World*, a New York party organ, and ran for office on the Communist ticket. His course was set for the next 10 years.

The speed with which a young man of Wolfe's background and ability could be revolutionized tells something of the times and the appeal of the nascent Communist movement. Like most radical movements, it was not an ordinary political organization; it was also an extended family, a school of politics, and an employment agency for organizers and propagandists. In no other political party could someone like Wolfe have been given the opportunity to play so large a role at so early an age.

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One of the most striking aspects of Wolfe's Communist career is how much he put it to use in his subsequent development. Many ex-Communists want nothing so much as to forget and put the party behind them. Some ex-Communists are determined to make lots of money, both for its own sake and to prove that they really know how the capitalist system works. Wolfe could not forget and was little interested in beating the capitalist system.

Much of the book is devoted to the decade which he spent in the official Communist movement; this portion is indispensable for anyone who wishes to understand how the party was born and developed. Wolfe differed from most other leaders in one important respect. While he always worked for the party, he usually earned his own living outside the party. When he moved to San Francisco in 1920 during the Palmer Raids hysteria, he took a job as a ledger clerk and edited a labor paper. Without asking permission from the American party, he went off to Mexico in 1923 to teach English in a high school for girls. His two years in Mexico proved to be his later salvation. When he arrived in Mexico City, he did not know a single word of Spanish. When he left, he was able to teach a history course in Spanish, help edit the Mexican Communist paper, found a Latin American "anti-imperialist" magazine, and get a master's degree in Spanish literature. He also came to know the leading Mexican writers and artists, among them Diego Rivera, who later made it possible for him to establish a literary identity outside the Communist movement. The Mexican Communist party gave him his first opportunity to visit Russia by sending him to the Fifth Congress of the Communist International in 1924 as its delegate, the first and only time an American ever represented a foreign party at a Comintern congress. Wolfe succeeded in attracting so much attention to himself that he was expelled from Mexico in 1925 on a trumped-up charge.

The next four years were critical in Wolfe's Communist experience. By 1927 he was agitprop or educational director, head of the Workers' School, editor of the party's theoretical organ, and right-hand man of the new party leader, Jay Lovestone. When Lovestone suspected trouble from Moscow at the end of 1928, he sent Wolfe to find out what was wrong and what could be done about it. The story of this mission to Moscow is told in gruesomely circumstantial detail and belongs in any anthology of Communist disillusionment. At this juncture, Lovestone was quite willing to do Stalin's bidding, if only he know what it was. But Stalin, in the year of his total ascendancy, was not interested in mere submission. He had, by chance, chosen to use the American party as an object lesson of his power to make and break national Communist leaderships, even if, as in this case, it enjoyed overwhelming support at home. For the first and last time, Stalin took charge of the humiliation and expulsion of a non-Russian leadership. The pamphlet in English containing the three speeches by Stalin during the inquisition of the American leadership is one of the rarest bibliographic Communist items. Wolfe's agonizing five and a half months in Moscow in 1929 provided him with more grist for his later intellectual mill.

After 10 years in the official Communist movement, Wolfe spent another 10 years in the so-called "Right" opposition led by Lovestone in the 1930s. This period must have been most painful for him in retrospect because he passes over it so lightly. About all we learn is that Lovestone and Wolfe disagreed on the relationship of their group with the Stalinist regime. Lovestone went into opposition expecting to get back into Stalin's good graces by supporting Stalin's internal Soviet policies and by waiting until Stalin recognized that the Lovestoneites could be better defenders of the Soviet Union than their successors, soon headed by Earl Browder. Wolfe says that he disagreed with this illusion, which Lovestone did not give up until 1936. Lovestone's version would be invaluable, but we are not likely to get it at this late date.

Instead of dwelling on these oppositional years, Wolfe turns to what is obviously a happier memory—his collaboration with Diego Rivera. Most of the final section of these memoirs is taken up with the story of how Wolfe came to write two books with Rivera, published in 1934 and 1936, and a third book by himself on Rivera in 1939. The last, a much revised version of which appeared in 1963 as *The Fabulous Life of Diego Rivera*, is still the fullest and most authoritative work on the Mexican painter. The book on Rivera was Wolfe's passport out of the Communist orbit; it gave him an independent status as a freelance writer and prepared the way for his second great burst of creative

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activity in an altogether different field.

Today Wolfe is best known for his interpretative historical work on Soviet Russia. He apparently turned to his subject as early as 1939, first preparing himself for it by teaching himself to do research in the Russian language as once he had mastered Spanish in Mexico. His seminal book, *Three Who Made A Revolution*, in form a study of Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin but in deeper content a fundamental reassessment of the Bolshevik tradition, appeared in 1948 and almost singlehandedly changed the prevailing approach to the nature of the Soviet system. Interpretations have shifted back and forth since then, but they cannot be as simpleminded as they were before Wolfe put his mind to the subject. In his appreciative introduction, Professor Leonard Schapiro, himself a notable path-breaker in this field, pays tribute to Wolfe's work of 1948 for having told,

> literally for the first time, the authentic story of bolshevism and its leaders in the years before the capture of power in 1917. Strange to relate, no one had done this before, though the facts were discernible by those with the industry and honesty to search for them.

After *Three Who Made A Revolution*, Wolfe put out eight more books on Soviet and Marxist themes. The intellectual revolutionary politician had completely transformed himself into a political, anti-revolutionary intellectual.

This first book of memoirs stops soon after Wolfe put behind him his Mexican-Rivera period and before he had started on his Soviet Marxist studies. The volume closes at the beginning of World War II, when Wolfe thought that he had reached "the nadir of my fortunes." His first two books with Rivera had disappeared with the bankruptcy of their publisher; his third book on Rivera had been priced too high by a second publisher to be commercially successful; a third publisher, panicked by a lawyer into fearing imaginary lawsuits, had burned every copy of the only novel he ever wrote. He was 45 years old at the time of Pearl Harbor, without a party for the first time in a quarter of a century, without a job, virtually penniless. Even *Three Who Made A Revolution* was a commercial failure when it first appeared, selling less than 1,000 copies a year; it achieved widespread success only when it was published in a revised edition in 1964, after which it sold 800,000 copies and became a worldwide success through numerous translations.

A Life in Two Centuries is the first of three posthumous volumes. The next two presumably will tell more of the story of Wolfe's next three to four decades. He was in such acute physical pain in his last years, it is a wonder that he was able to write at all. My office adjoined his at the Hoover Institution in the 1960s, and I vividly remember how much he suffered merely sitting up in a chair. His life was a triumph of mind and will over trials and circumstances.

Theodore Draper

Theodore Draper is the author of *The Roots of American Communism* and *American Communism and Soviet Russia*, both published by Viking Press.

The Humanities Hustle

The Humanities in American Life
Report of the Commission on the Humanities

(University of California Press; $12.50, $3.50 paper)

In May two years ago 100 humanists had a luncheon party in the middle of the Great Mall in Washington, DC. Along with lunch, they were given tote bags that said on them "Humanities: Civilization's Study of Itself," courtesy of the National Endowment for the Humanities, which sponsored the event. It was an incongruous affair. After all, parties, tote bags, and self-definitions in slogans are not standard fare for the humanities. More suitable to humanists are quiet libraries, tattered satchels, and a greater interest in their own particular disciplines than in the larger, amorphous realm of knowledge subsuming them, the humanities. It most likely would not occur to them to call themselves "humanists."

This reticence and confusion about identity marks the humanities apart from the neighboring realms of knowledge, the arts and the sciences. Artists, often found at parties, are only too happy to announce they belong to the art world and they are always eager for an audience. Their federal patron, the National Endowment for the Arts, quickly made a reputation for glamour and liveliness. Scientists, whatever their specialties, think of themselves as scientists, and they always know they have an interested public: a society expecting useful, profitable information from them. Their government benefactor, the National Science Foundation, has never gone begging.

However, as the May party on the Mall suggests, humanists have been at work promoting themselves in the eyes of the public and the government. It has not been easy for them. In fact the party was thrown because Senator Claiborne Pell, one of the humanities' sponsors, felt the NEH had not been visible enough; now that they received taxpayers' money, however modest the amount, the humanities could not very well retain their "elitist," low profile. But even before 1965, when the NEH was founded, humanists thought of trying to boost their status in the nation. Rather than attempting parties, they have turned to a promotional device with which they feel more at ease, books. Roughly every 10 years since World War II "commissions" on the humanities—composed mostly of professors and academic administrators—have gathered and then produced books about their gatherings. The format of these books has not changed: they define the humanities and their pervasive powers, express deep concern about the sorry state of the humanities in America, and then they urge a renaissance. Until this year, when the Rockefeller Foundation decided to be the sponsor, these earnest occasions have always had the support of the American Council of Learned Societies, usually in cooperation with some other obscure foundation. And until this year, when the University of California Press decided to market the report as a glossy commercial book, the volumes have had that reference library look. Four such reports—from 1944 (*The Humanities at Work*, from 1955-56 (*One Great Society: Humane Learning in the United States*), from 1965 (merely *Commission on the Humanities Report*), and from 1980 (*The Humanities in*

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American Life)—together could comprise a set called, along the lines of the tote bag motto, "Humanities' Study of Itself as it Studies Civilization." The volumes are thin enough so that all of them could fit in the tote bag.

The problem is, it's not a set that a taxpayer would be likely to want on his shelf, nor is it a set that would be likely to prompt anyone in the government to put the humanities near the top of the dole. It's not that the books aren't well written. Rarely do these humanists make verbs out of nouns as so many commissions do in their reports. In fact they not only avoid jargon, they strive for the metaphoric. For instance the 1944 report opens with this quaint, if implausible, simile:

> Like the pioneers of old who gathered around the campfire to discuss the day's journey, representatives of western institutions have met from time to time to share experiences and think out loud about the subject of common concern: The Humanities.

But the figures of speech do no more than adorn a now standard pitch for federal money, for a place among national priorities. Typically that pitch consists first of popularizing a label, and then declaring an array of urgent needs for the concern so labeled. As these books show, humanists have never really had, or learned, the knack of doing either.

The best kind of label is one that is vague but sounds relevant; that way it can be widely applied and will seem desirable. "Humanities" is certainly vague enough, but it carries with it the uninviting whiff of dull professors and moldering books. These commission reports try to change that image, without, of course, getting specific about the actual substance of the humanities. Thus they avoid identifying what fields, what questions, the humanities encompass. Instead the reports try to capture their "spirit," "essence," or "attitude" (or, in the case of the 1980 report, all three: "The essence of the humanities is a spirit or an attitude toward humanity."). They are also full of things to say about the effects the spirit and attitude have. Each book outdoes itself describing the miraculous relevance of the humanities to every major human or national concern. The 1944 report proclaims that the purpose of the humanities is to pose "a direct challenge to the fascist design for the future of education and of mankind." The 1955 report says they work to show "the ways by which individuals can be led to maturity through the development of intelligence and refinement of sensibility." The claims are grander in 1965. The humanities are responsible for:

> the national ethic and morality, the national aesthetic and beauty or the lack of it, the national use of our environment and our material accomplishments . . . our ability to make judgments, not least those involving our control of nature, of ourselves, and of our destiny.

According to this year's report the humanities

> improve the mind, nurture the spirit, and inform moral and civic choices . . . [provide] invaluable assistance in enriching cultural memory and individual experience, sharpening critical faculties, and increasing awareness of the less visible costs and advantages of public policy.

As Lionel Trilling concluded in his essay in *Saturday Review* on the 1944 report, "nobody quite knows what [the humanities] are."

This confusion does not daunt the commissions. They proceed to declare needs. First of all there is, of course, a crisis in the state of the humanities that desperately needs to be solved; while the sciences are treated lavishly by the government, the humanities are neglected. As a result, civilization is crumbling. The crisis is chronic, still present in each successive report. However, when it comes down to pleading the specifics of their case, advocates of the humanities don't have much leverage. Unlike scientists, who can say they require expensive technology to make discoveries, and artists, who need supplies to create and perform, humanists don't obviously need much more than schools, books, pens, and paper.

These reports try to get around this problem by proclaiming that the humanities work their crucial and uplifting results by "synthesis" or "integration," by showing the connections among all human concerns, by lending their spirit to all human endeavors. Thus the humanities conveniently can be related at every turn to more relevant, useful, popular human activities —all of which might have more claim to funds and public attention. The high-minded commissions profess to see only the generous, not the promiscuous, aspect of this strategy.

It is a gambit each commission has

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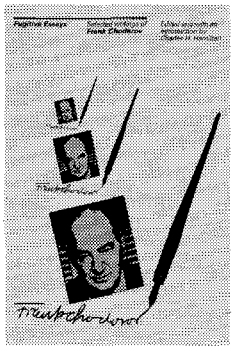

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tried. The 1944 report is particularly wide-eyed about all the pursuits that require the humanities. In a section titled "What do the Professions Desire from the Humanities and How Shall They Get It?," an engineer explained that his profession depends on humanistic learning to ensure (among many, many other things) "an enthusiasm for learning, resulting in a burning desire to continue the study of engineering and to search for the values in all other fields of thought." A chemistry teacher hoped the spirit of the humanities would enable his course to promote "the development of a consistent philosophy of life." English teachers meanwhile berated themselves for their narrow conception of the humanities.

The 1965 commission invited 24 learned societies (among them many social scientists, and even the American Numismatic Association) to appear and explain what they needed from the National Humanities Foundation the commission was proposing. With actual federal money in sight, the petitioners began to speak less of burning desires and philosophies and more of sabbaticals and fellowships.

This year's report, written after the humanities have enjoyed 15 years' experience as a federal beneficiary, speaks more of bureaucratic coordination than of sabbaticals and fellowships. But the underlying aim is the same: to declare the relevance of the humanities on every plausible occasion when public support might be forthcoming. Thus the report voices special interest in working with the well-endowed NSF (which has a budget more than three times the size of the NEH and NEA budgets combined); the Program of Science, Technology and Human Values is the new favorite at the NEH. But humanists are happy to cooperate with others as well. To encourage such widespread connections, the commission urges the Federal Council on Arts and Humanities (the group that is supposed to coordinate the NEH and NEA with other federal agencies) to write more "memoranda of understanding," missives to clarify the webs of joint programs and plans. When there is a project afoot that doesn't welcome with open arms the contributions the humanities can offer, the report betrays a note of hurt surprise; for example, "large federally funded programs in Adult Basic Education . . . list dozens of learning objectives for the illiterate adult, but virtually exclude imagination, creativity, or reflection on one's place in the world"—three gifts the humanities can bestow, never mind whether or not they're what the illiterate adult needs most as he tries to learn to read instructions and fill out forms. For all its emphasis on "critical thinking" (a specialty of the humanities), the 1980 commission, like its predecessors, studiously avoids it. Instead of discriminating among needs and aims, it vacuously claims that the humanities, whatever they may be, need everything and can do anything.

One of the 1980 report's 32 repetitive recommendations, #5, stands out for its specificity. For that very reason the commission itself does not emphasize it, but this recommendation is worth more consideration than all the rest. "School boards and superintendants should reduce classes to manageable size. Classes in writing should be limited to 20 students." There is no talk here of civic spirit, moral dilemmas, science, technology, public policy, etc. But this relatively simple proposal is the one most likely to achieve the aim Lionel Trilling wrote about in his essay on the 1944 report:

> Really [the humanities] are only a lot of great books, music, and pictures, extremely interesting for teachers to talk about, extremely interesting to students when they are required to turn their minds to them. They will not save society or reform it. Their only effect is the one they have been traditionally observed to have—they give a kind of pleasure which, as their name implies, makes men more human.

The problem, from the standpoint of the humanities' promoters, is that you can't claim much money is required to give this kind of pleasure. But from most other standpoints, such economy is a virtue.

Trilling's vision of the humanities also has the more important virtue of preserving the real spirit of the humanities, which eludes these commissions as they puff up their cause. He reminds us that there is no reason to be defensive, as the reports are, about the pleasant truth that we are more human when we are inspired by a quiet, thoughtful spirit than when we are agitated by the urge to throw parties and save all of society.

Ann Hulbert

Correction:
Due to a typographical error, the meaning of Quentin Anderson's final sentence in his review of *Walt Whitman* (*TNR*, November 22) was changed. The sentence should have read: "What Kaplan fails to make room for is the sweet democratic despot whose imperial assertion was indeed despotic, whose total vision was what many hungered for, assumed and have in increasing measure assumed ever since, in short, a representative American."

Correspondence, *from page 5*

number of seats lost by both Democrats and Republicans has varied from as few as 10 to over 50, the record is unusually consistent in pointing to Democratic congressional gains in 1982.

Louis H. Bean
Arlington, Virginia

Ask not what farmers can do for you

To the editors:

Your November 8 editorial, "The Inflation Abyss," tells us that all three major presidential candidates pandered to the farmers. I guess they have, and I certainly admit that some past farm programs have put money into my pockets. While I am philosophically opposed to any government farm programs I do think there are some things you should have mentioned before implying that farmers are reaping the benefits from inflated farm prices.

For example, diesel fuel purchased by our farm on April 27, 1979, cost 58.6 cents a gallon. On December 7, 1979, we paid 81.5 cents, and today we are paying 99.1 cents. Whether this increase went to OPEC or big oil, I still had to pay it.

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And speaking of government interference, I am convinced that the Russian grain embargo has cost us at least 50 cents a bushel for our wheat. Since my brother and I market about 100,000 bushels a year, that is $50,000 worth of patriotism and lower food prices just from us. What have all you city folk done for your country this year?

Ralph D. Kingsbury
Grafton, North Dakota

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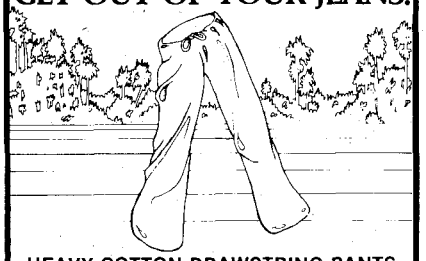

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Washington Diarist

Salt

This past election night, a neighbor of mine, realizing he had lost his way to the polls, allowed himself to be taken in tow by a smallish but highly serious young denizen of the local streets who claimed to know the whereabouts of his impossibly misplaced destination. Along the way, the youngster delivered himself of a startling opinion. Ronald Reagan, he was certain, planned to keep schools open seven days a week, 12 months a year if he was elected president. This amused my friend, who promptly offered to split his vote for Carter with the urchin on the condition that the latter would actually lead him to the polling place, and not into a hold-up. Each party, I understand, kept his half of the bargain. My friend, however, didn't have the heart to tell his small cohort that teachers, especially those of the National Education Association who had been beating the bushes for the soon-to-be-defeated president, would never ever put up with a seven-day-a-week, 12-month-a-year teaching schedule, no matter who was elected. There are those who think the Reagan administration will repay the NEA for its efforts by scuttling its Department of Education. That's doubtful. But the kid's idea does suggest a perfectly awful punishment for all those NEA types with their three-month vacations.

The hot pollsters, though primarily intent now on defending their good names, seem to agree that something happened during the final days of the campaign to turn the tide to Reagan. Most think it had something to do with the hostages. But the more I think about the Reagan "mandate," the more one specific overriding image comes to mind. I do not see the NRA swarming over Idaho or South Dakota or Iowa with their Winchesters slung over their shoulders, nor do I conjure visions of Phyllis Schlafly or Strom Thurmond leading the country back into 1950s-style, white-is-right, moral rectitude. I see those charred American aircraft in the Iranian desert last April. I suspect there was an idea there, an emotion that a majority of Americans refuse to live with. I suspect most voters—especially those who puzzle the experts by voting for George McGovern one day and Ronald Reagan the next—were telling the new president, "Look, we don't like this idea of ourselves as unsure and incompetent abroad, or militarily, and we're electing you to do something about it." But the president-elect's mandate didn't include anything approaching a blueprint for executing this, any more than it included a grand scheme for undoing the progress made in civil rights over the past 20 years. Yes, there is much conservative posturing going on in Washington these days about beefing up our military and getting tough abroad. How this rhetoric is transformed into defense policy, from budget to manpower to doctrine to numbers of warheads, should become a priority for those liberals who in the past have left such Strangelovian matters to others. To do otherwise, I suspect, is to miss an essential element in the meaning of Ronald Reagan's election, and to risk even greater political irrelevance in the foreseeable future.

Among the most interesting of the early Reagan administration appointees is Robin "Chatty Cathy" (her description, not mine) Orr, a newspaper reporter from faraway Oakland who seems completely unflapped at the prospect of her new job as Nancy Reagan's go-between with the Washington press. Round One with the *Washington Post* recently left Chatty bloodied, but blissfully unaware of it. Declaring that the invasion of Reaganites was not "like the Communists," Chatty went on to regale the interviewer with glimpses of her student days at what she wittily referred to as "Berserkeley." Seems that Chatty spent much of her time exuberantly tracking down campus Reds (in those days Communists, not pills). Chatty belonged to a group of activists who busied themselves collecting FBI dossiers on known Commies, and ferreting out others who gave themselves away by doing seditious things like dumping on sororities. "They had to be contained," Chatty explained. "It was war." The original Chatty Cathy, as those readers know who are old enough to have been allowed to play with dolls, had a button in her stomach you could push to make her say things like "Hug me. . . . I'm wet. . . ." The Reagans may want to consider a similar arrangement.

A fabulously expensive-looking press packet, its cover depicting a huge red apple, arrived in the offices of this august journal only days after the election. This curiosity, mailed all the way from Fullerton, California, bore the logo "For those who want more than one bite." Whaaat? we exclaimed. Someone in Fullerton must have made a booboo. *TNR*? But there it was, an offer to join the North American Swing Club Association. Only $30 for general admission, $175 for associate standing. For this you get a membership card, guest visiting privileges, a free personal in all NASCA-affiliated swingers' magazines, a vacation travel program (through the Lifestyle Travel Division), and, natch, an unconditional guarantee that it will all work. For those who think this is just a sleazy rip-off, executive director Robert L. McGinley, PhD, emphasizes that his organization is ". . . for those who wish to learn" as well as ". . . those who wish to love" (he really goes for those breathy ellipses). Well, there can be no doubt which category *TNR* is in, so we turned to the listing of seminars. We were particularly interested in the "Medical Aspects of Swinging," "Monogamy is a Lie," "Coping with Jealousy in Swinging," and last but not least, "Swinging in Vintage Years" (when you're old? during good years in the Napa Valley?). Frankly, we found the other offerings—"Rituals for Sexual Enhancement: Tantric, Tao, and Other Nice Things," "Touch Me—I Love It," "Erotic Massage," and "Financial Management for Profit"—pretty tacky. But what was most fascinating was that the application includes a psychological test filled with questions any Moral Majoritarian could really get into. On a scale of one to 10, you're supposed to agree or disagree, weakly or strongly, with statements like: "I like to keep my clothes neatly pressed"; "I would like to return to a simpler form of life"; "A man should be boss in the house"; "Things are changing too fast"; "There's nothing like a cold beer"; and "If it was good enough for my mother it was good enough for me." Of course, there are questions thrown in there to trip you up; for example, "I like brightly colored French cut underwear" or "I like to try foreign food." We know that it may sound illogical, but this could get *really* big around here. As any pillar of Washington society worth his salt knows, this town rivals Sodom and Gomorrah for that kind of thing.

R.H.

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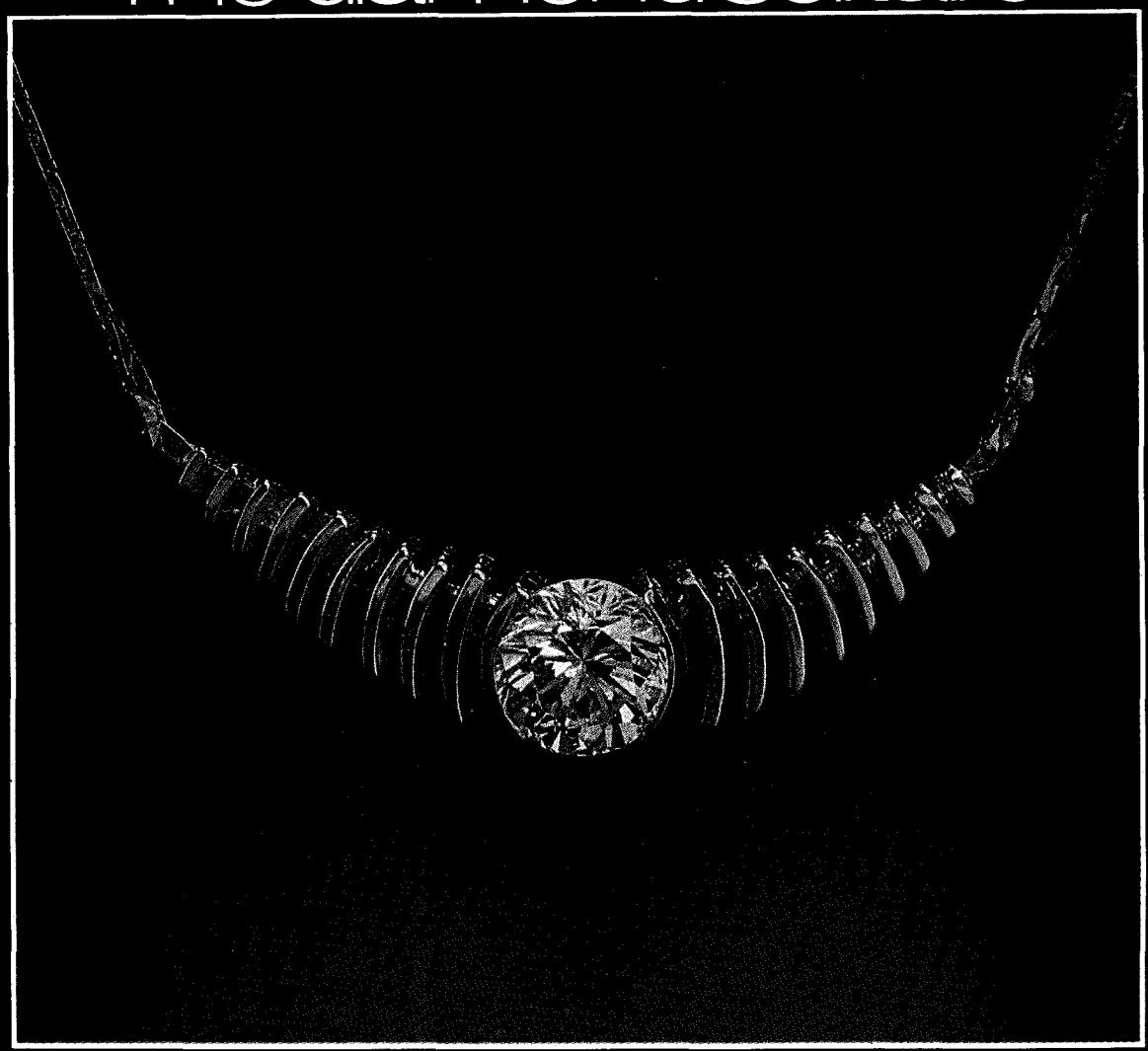
The diamond solitaire.



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Porsche 928

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